GOLDEN SHORE

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRICE 30 CENTS

By J. F. KINSEY.

PUBLISHED BY F. W. HELMICK CINCINNATI, OHIO.

No. 136 WEST FOURTH STREET.

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PREFACE.

The power of Music in awakening right feelings within the souls of the converted and unconverted, has been recognized to a great extent in these days of progress and improvement. There is a great demand for something new; to many hearts, music is a "*rich treat*," a "*real feast*." In presenting the GOLDEN SHORE, by J. F. Kinsey, I can confidently say that it contains a collection of songs for the Sunday School that anybody might be proud of. Every song in it has been selected with care, and the beauty is, the work is entirely new—there is little or nothing at all taken from other books—therefore making it a work entirely different from any Sunday School book published in America; and it will never fail to meet the growing desire among Sunday School Superintendents and workers throughout this country; the music is brilliant, attractive, and at the same time devotional; the words have all been selected with great care, avoiding the aimless, sensational and senseless rhyme. Trusting that the *Golden Shore* may contribute in some degree to the glory of God, I submit the same to a discriminating public for their consideration, hoping that it will find its way into every Christian family that loves the service of Sacred song, and in every Sunday School that delights in singing the songs of Zion.

THE PUBLISHER.

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J. B. CLARK, 134 BANK ST. CLEVELAND, O.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

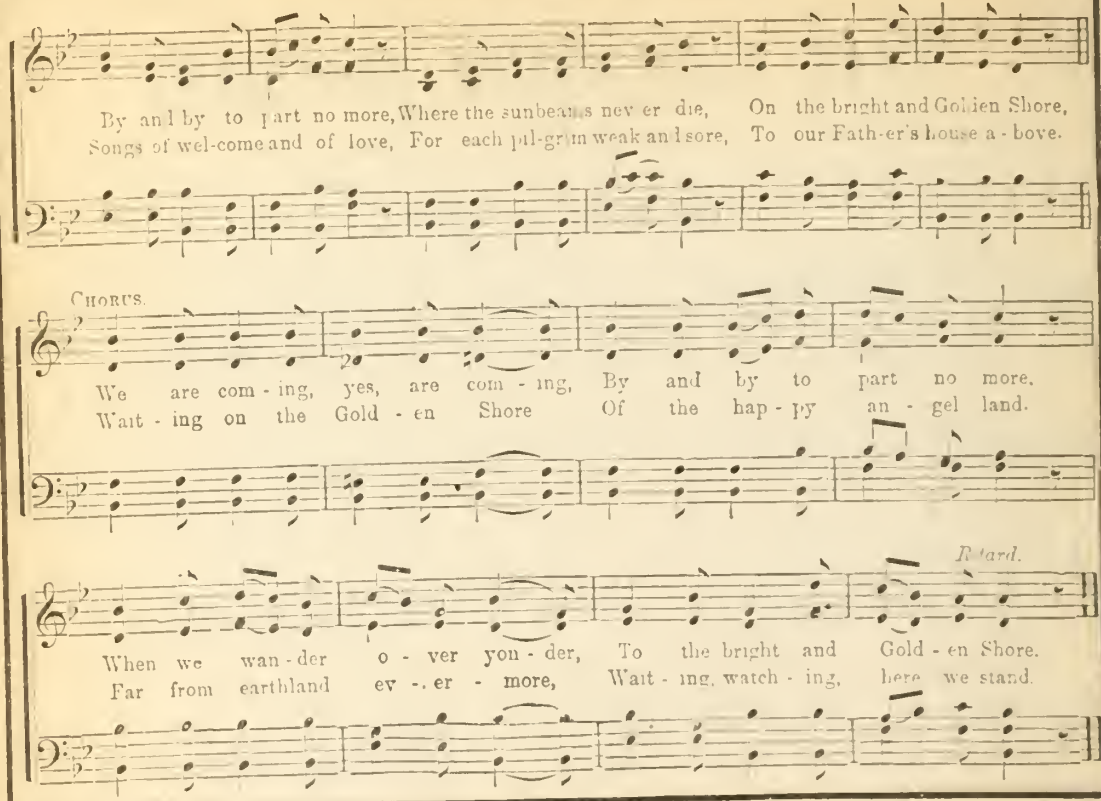
THE GOLDEN SHORE.

C. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

1. Here up - on the Gold - en Shore, We, the lit - tle pil - grims stand, Gone from earth in days be - fore To that bright and sun - ny land; Are you com - ing by and by,
2. On this hap - py Gold - en Shore, All is beau - ti - ful and fair, And our Fath - er watch-es o'er Ev' - ry one that dwell-eth there; Sing we on that Gold - en Shore,

GOLDEN SHORE.—Concluded.



A HOME ABOVE.

LUNA M. SMITH. J. F. KINSEY.

1. We read of a beauti - ful home above, Where souls immortal shall dwell in love, A place where sorrow and
2. To the poor, the need-y, the blind, distress d, A kind deed done, or a kind word address'd Comfort-ing mourners and
3. Then shall we not seek that beautiful home, And in sinful paths no long - er roam, So that when we cast life's

CHORUS.

suf - fer-ing cease, Where ev - er floats the banner of peace. A home, beauti-ful home, A home, beautiful home, A
bless - ing the meek, Admon-ishing all the truth to seek,
bur - den down, Je-sus will give us the fade - less crown.

Repeat pp

bright, happy home a - bove, above, A bright home above, Where we'll dwell in love, Our bright, beautiful home a - bove.

MARCHING ALONG.

REV. J. BALTZELL.

A Vegretto.

1. March-ing a-long with our ban-ners so bright, Fight-ing for Je-sus, for truth and for right,
2. March-ing a-long with our Cap-tain so near, He will pro-tect us, His voice now we hear;
3. March-ing a-long t'ward the glit-ter-ing prize, Crowns ev-er fair-ing be-yond the dark skies,

CHORUS.

Prais-ing the Lord, we re-joice in his might, Wait-ing till Je-sus calls. March-ing a-long with
Foes are ad-vanc-ing but we will not fear, Wait-ing till Je-sus calls
There we shall rest while the song shall a-rise, Vic-to-ry ev-er more.

ban-ner and song. . . . . March-ing a-long with ban-ner and song . .

March-ing with ban-ner and song.

Fight-ing for hap-pi-ness, toil-ing for right-eous-ness, Wait-ing till Je-sus calls.

March-ing with ban-ner and song,

SILENT PRAYER.

J. F. K.

1. As down In the sunless retreats of the ocean, Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see, So deep in my heart the still

2. As still to the star of its worship, Though clouded, the needle points faithfully o'er the dark sea, So dark tho' I roam

prayer of devotion Un-thro' this wintry world shrouded, The heard by the world rises hope of my spirit turns silent to Thee trembling to Thee My God silent to My God, trembling to Thee, Pure Thee, True warm silent to fond, trembling to Thee. Thee.

p *pp*

MRS. T. J. COOK. **I GO SINGING.** E. COOK.

Sprightly.

1. I go sing - ing all the way, For my Fa'h-er thus doth say, Cast on me thy fears and care,
2. Have you found the Sa - vior true In His prom-is - es to you Has he brought you to his feet,
3. Do you think of heav'n as home, Do you long therein to roam, Is your life in sweet ac - cord
4. Till I reach the realms of light, And be - hold His presence bright, Soaring, sing - ing, will I be,

CHORUS.

Be thou as a bird in air. I go sing-ing, sing - ing, singing, I go sing-ing
Bow be - fore the mer - cy seat.
With the Sa - vior's sa - cred word.
Joy - ous as a bird - ling free.

I go sing-ing all the way, Sing - ing, Sing - ing,

all the way, I go sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, I go sing - ing all the way.

all the way, I go sing - ing all the way, Sing - ing, sing - ing, all the way.

GOD GAVE THEM.

M. S. S. W. STRAUB.

1. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones, cheerful and bright. Who made us to see by the beautiful light, Who taught you to see them, the
2. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones, lit - tle ones dear, Who made you the musical voices we hear, Who taught you to thrill at the
3. Children, dear children, who made you to feel The pleasures that come all your sorrows to heal, To feel the sweet charms that your

CHORUS.

gay, love - ly flow'rs That grow in the mead-ows and hang in the bow'rs? 'Twas God, He gave us those wonderful eyes, To
song of glad birds, Or made you to love the sweet sound of kind words? 'Twas God, who made us the voices to know That
be - ing de-lights, That makes you so lov - ing, so cheer - y and bright? 'Twas God who made us to feel and to know The

show us the wonderful beauty that lies Around, all around us to cheer and delight, We'll praise Him, we'll praise Him who gave us our sight.
fall all around us wherever we go. We love the sweet voices that gladden the ear, And praise our King Father, who made us to hear.
blessings that constantly over us flow. His kindness he shows to the "little ones too," We'll love Him and praise Him, 'tis all we can do.

HAPPY BAND.

Words and Music by J. H. WARD.

Allegretto.

1. There's a band, hap-py band of chil-dren dear, Ev - er sing-ing a-round the throne,
2. There are many hap-py chil - dren sing-ing now The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest,
3. O come, chil - dren, come to that home to - day, And leave all your sorrows and care,
4. There's a rest for you, there's a rest for me, Un - to all who will come is given,

And the Sa - vior says they are welcome there, And he bids all the chil - dren come.
In that land, blessed land, where the an - gels are, Where the wea - ry shall find a rest.
Cast your bur - dens a - side as you start on your way, And the songs of the glori - fied share
And he says, suffer chil - dren to come to me, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n.

CHORUS.

There's a band, hap-py band, There's a hap - py band of chil - dren dear

There's a band, hap-py band, Yes, a band, hap-py band. There's a

HAPPY BAND.—Concluded.

In that land, . . . bless - ed land, . . There are man-y hap-py chil - dren there.

In that land, blessed land, In that land, blessed land, There are many happy children singing there.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Andante.

J. F. KINSEY, Jan. 1st, 1872.

1 Oh, teacher, sad and weary, Because thy work seems vain, Look from thyself to Je - sus, And thou wilt hope a - gain.
2. Hast thou so soon forgotten The promise of thy Lord, That none for him who labor, Shall fail of their re - ward.

Perchance thou art discouraged, That yet no fruit appears. But ere the joy-ful har - vest, The seed is sown in tears.
If thus thou pray and la - bor, Immortal souls to win. Thou at thy Lord's appearing, Bright as the stars shall shine.

I'M THINKING OF HOME.

GEO. B. CHASE.

Moderato.

1. I am think - ing of home, of a home far a - way, Where the many bright man - sions be, Of a cit - y with streets made of glit - ter-ing gold, Which the righteous a-lone shall see.
2. I am think - ing of home, where they need not the light Of the sun or moon, or the stars, For no night ev - er comes, but the trav - e - ler may Sweet-ly rest in that home a- far.
3. I am think - ing of home, of the loved o - ver there, Hap-py kindred who've gone be- fore, They have gone to the home where the wea-ry all rest, To that home on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

Oh, home, sweet home, Oh, home, sweet home, I am long - ing for home, sweet

I'M THINKING OF HOME.—Concluded.

home, Be - yond the pearly gate, ma-ny man-sions wait, For the wea-ry, wan-d'ring home.
sweet home.

MORNING HYMN.

Molto Allegretto. J. F. KINSEY.

1. Oh, God! I see the morn - ing light, For thou hast kept me thro' the
2. Keep me, O God! a - gain to - day, And take my naugh - ty heart a -
3. And when to - night I fall a - sleep, O! be thou near and watch to

night, I thank Thee for Thy love and care, And beg Thee hear my morn - ing prayer.
way, O! make me gen - tle, good and mild, Just like the Sa - vior when a child.
keep, So let my life all pass a - way, With God, thy keep - er, night and day.

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

ROSA H. THORPE. J. F. KINSEY.

1. Thro' the pearl-y gates they are gath-er - ing in, O'er the riv-er, one by one; They sing hosan - na be-
2. They come from the land where the orange blooms, They come from the frig - id zone; They sing the songs of re-
3. They come from the pal - ace where wealth abides, They come from the cot-tage home; Their voices swell the

CHORUS.

fore the King, As he sits on the great white throne, Oh! the great white throne, My Fath-er's throne, He
deem-ing love, At the foot of the great white throne,
heav'n-ly choir, As they stand by the great white throne.

ts on the great white throne, Shall I e'er stand, with the an - gel band, At the foot of the great white throne.

THINE I'LL BE.

A. B. CONDO. A. B. CONDO.

1. Sa - vior, while my heart is ten-der, I would give that heart to thee; All my pow'rs to thee sur-
2. Take me now, Lord Je - sus, take me, Let my youthful heart be thine; Thy de - vot - ed ser-vant
3. Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me, On - ly do thou guide my way; May thy grace thro' life at-

CHORUS.

ren-der, Thine and on - ly thine to be. Sa-vior, thine I'll be a - lone, Trust Thee ev - er, day by
make me, Fill my soul with love di-vine.
tend me, Glad-ly then shall I o - bey.

day, While in this wide world I roam, Je - sus ev - er guide my way.

EVER WATCH AND PRAY.

JOHN McPHERSON. Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ever watch and pray, while on earth you stay, For there's danger all around. Ever keep the right, with your
2. Ever watch and pray, for there comes a day, When the children of the Lord, Will be called on high, where they
3. Ever watch and pray, ev'ry night and day, To our blessed Lord and King, When your days are past, you've a

ar-mor bright, For there a-waits a crown. Ev - er watch and pray, oh, watch and pray, And a
nev-er die, And sheath'd is ev' - ry sword.
home at last, Sweet songs up there you'll sing.

CHORUS.

home is yours up there, Ever watch and pray, yes, watch and pray, And a crown in heav'n you'll wear.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL.

J. F. KINSEY. J. F. KINSEY.

Cheerfully.

1. We meet a - gain at Sab - bath School, To learn our Sa - vior's ways, And hear and mind the gol - den rule, In all our youth-ful days.
2. Our teach -ers dear are kind and true, To help us on the road, And we, dear chil-dren, ought to do, That which is kind and good.
3. Help us, dear Lord, to ev - er be So con-stant, kind and pure, That when we quit this sin - ful sphere, Our hearts will be se - cure.

CHORUS.

Our Sab-bath School, our Sab - bath School, Our bless-ed Sab - bath School, Oh, may it ev - er be our rule. To go to Sab-bath School

I LOVE THE KIND VOICES.

MARIE STRAUB.

J. F. KINSEY.

Andante.

1 I love to hear the gen - tle tone, It tells me of the good, It breathes the language of the heart, So eas - y un - der - stood; No sel - fish thought or harm-ful word, A ten - der voice can find, Kind voic - es kind-ly hearts be - tray, I love these voic-es kind.

2. Kind voic - es greet me all the while, And bid me shun the wrong, I hear them in the gen - tle speech, And in the beau-teous song; They tell me of a Sa - vior kind, His ten - der love for me, His bless-ing on my youth-ful head, How sweet the sound to me.

3. I hear a voice so sweet - ly say, E - ter - nal life I give, I am the Sa-vior, come a - way, O come to me and live; Kind voic - es beck - on me a - way From all that dares to harm, O may I with a grate - ful heart, Heed freely each a - larm.

I LOVE THE KIND VOICES.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

I love the kind voic-es, kind voic - es, kind voic - es, They call, sweet - ly call me from

mf

er - ror a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, They call, sweetly call me from er - ror a - way.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

Moderato.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. How sweet, how heav'n'ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord, In one another peace delight, And so ful-fil his word.
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part, When sorrows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
3. When love in one delightful stream, Thro' ev'ry bosom flows, And union sweet with fond esteem, In ev-'ry ac-tion glows.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. F. KINSEY.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you fruit-ful in la - bors of love? Are you
2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you leading the lambs of his fold, To the
3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you faith-ful - ly working to - day? Are you

work - ing and pray - ing, and trust - ing? Are you seek - ing the king - dom a - bove?
bright shin - ing home of the an - gels To the beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold?
bring - ing some souls to the king-dom? Are you go - ing the heav - en - ly way?

CHORUS.

O what are you do - - ing for Je - - - sus to - day? . . . The
O what are you do - ing for Je - sus to-day? O what are you do - ing for Je - sus to-day? The

Rit. . . . *Repeat pp.*

Mas - - - ter is call - - ing, Go la - bor and pray.
Mas-ter is call-ing, Go la-bor and pray, The Mas-ter is call-ing, Go la-bor and pray.

MY BIBLE.

C. F.
Andante.

J. F. K.

1. This ho - ly book I'd rath - er own, Than all the gold - en gems, That
2. Nay, were the sea one chry - so - lite, The earth one gold - en ball, And
3. Ah, no! the soul ne'er found re - lief, In g it' - 'ring hoards of wealth, Gems

e'er in mon - arch's cof - fers shown, Than all the di - a - dems.
di - a - dems the stars of night, This book out-weighs them all. . . .
daz - zle not the eye of grief, Gold can - not pur - chase health. .

LET ALL THE CHILDREN SING.

J. F. KINSEY.

Con spirito.

1. Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song, To Christ the chil-dren's King, His praise to whom our soul's be-long. Let all the chil - dren sing.
2. From lit - tle ones to Je - sus brought, Ho-san-na now be heard, Let lit - tle in-fants now be taught. To lisp that love - ly word.
3. Ho - san - na sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain, While loud-er, sweet-er, clear - er still, Woods ech - o to the strain. Let all the chil - dren sing, Let
4. Ho - san - na on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly, Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth re - ply.
5. Ho - san - na, then our song shall be, Ho-san - na to our King, This is the chil-dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil - dren sing.

CHORUS.

all the chil-dren sing, Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song Let all the chil-dren sing.

YOUTHFUL BAND.

D. E. GOODHART. J. H. LESLIE.

1. We're a band of youth-ful sol - diers, We are marching to the fight, And our Sa - vior
2. Tho' the hosts of sin are ma - ny, And their ar - mies large and strong, We will put our
3. With this bless - ed prom - ise for us, And our Sa - vior as our guide, We will still keep

D.C. CHO. We're a band of youth-ful sol - diers, We are marching to the fight, And our Sa - vior

Fine.

is our cap-tain, He'll pro-tect us by his might. He will lead us on to con-quer, And we'll smite the
trust in Je - sus, And in triumph march a-long, For his grace will be suf - fi - cient, If we will on
press-ing on-ward, Till we reach the rolling tide, Till we meet the an - gel boatman, Who will take us

is our cap-tain, He'll pro-tect us by his might.

Rit. *D.C.*

hosts of sin, For we nev - er will give o - ver, Till the bat - tle we shall win.
Him de - pend, And a shin - ing crown of glo - ry, He will give us at the end;
to that shore, There our war-fare will be o - ver, And we'll rest for - ev - er more;

JUST BEYOND.

Words by MRS. M. J. SMITH. (In Memory of Calista Grant.) DR. J. B. HERBERT.

Andante.

1. Night is ours, and shadows From the o-pen tomb, Gath-er-ing a-round us, Shroud us with their gloom; For the song that
2. One has burst the fet-ters, So long binding here; Freed from earthly prison, By the throne stands near; One since glow of
3. So a-cross the riv - er, One by one they go; Up the golden stairway, How their footsteps glow; Let us fol - low

CHORUS.

charmed us, None shall hear again; Thro' the wafted echo comes o'er distant plain.
sunrise Waken'd in the east, Griev'd not that the Master called her to his feast. Just beyond the shadows are the golden gates Just be-
In them, Till we reach the shore; Just across the river, There to weep no more.

yond, Just be-yond, O, just beyond the riv-er Many a loved one waits, Just beyond, Just be-yond.
Just beyond, Just beyond, Just beyond,

A KIND GOOD NIGHT.

A. J. CRIDER. J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

1. We part a-gain with cheery smil-ing fac - es, While in our hearts the sad re - frain we sing; We
2. We part a-gain, but not with heartless strangers, But grasp the hand as we have done be fore; We
3. Good night, good night, until again we meet you, Our gold - en watchword ev-er keep in sight; And

night and if the part - ing be for ev - er, We give to all a long fare-well; Good night

Fine.

ne'er may meet a-gain in pleas-ant plac - es, And ne'er a - gain our part-ing prais - es bring.
pray that each be guard ed from all dan - gers, Who hear our last good night song o'er and o'er.
if we ne'er a-gain may hope to greet you, Then must we meet to say no more; good night.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

A kind good night we give to all at part - ing, Your mot-to may it ev - er be the right; Good

PILOT US SAFELY.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Melody by MRS. J. F. KINSEY.

1. O - ver the wa - ters we glide, we glide, O - ver the beau - ti - ful, sil - ver tide;
2. Swift - ly a - cross the bright waves we sail, Fear-less of dan - ger when storms pre - vail;
3. Soon we shall land on the gold - en shore, Soon shall the jour - ney be o'er, be o'er;
4. Pi - lot us safe - ly, O Christ, our King, In - to yon ha - ven thy lov'd ones bring;

Bound for the land on the oth - er side, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.
Trust - ing an arm that can nev - er fail, Whose love is our joy and hope.
Soon we shall en - ter to leave no more The pal - ace of Christ, our King.
Prais - es e - ter - nal we there will sing, For - ev - er and ev - er more.

Chorus.

Sail - ing a-long, Sail-ing a-long, Sail - ing a-long,
Sail-ing, yes, we're sailing a - long, a - long, Sail - ing, yes, we're sailing A - mid joy and song
Sail - ing a-long, Sail-ing a-long, Sail - ing a-long,

PILOT US SAFELY.—Concluded.

Sail - ing a-long, Sail - ing a-long.

Sail ing, yes, we're sailing a - long, a - long, To join the glad throng on the oth - er side.

Sail - ing a-long, Sail - ing a-long.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

C. F. MISS OLIVE HOLOPETER.

1. See the star whose peace-ful gleam - ing, Lights the dark - ness of our earth,
2. Comes he not in pomp and glo - ry, Nor in re gal robes ar - ray'd,
3. See the star is bright er glow - ing, Fast its burn - ing rays in - crease,
4. Bring we then our choic - est off - 'rings, Hum - bly to his bless - ed shrine,

Read we in its joy - ous beam - ing, Of the true Me - si - ah's birth.
But up - on a hum - ble pil - low, Low his king - ly head is laid.
O - ver all the earth 'tis throw - ing Beams of hope and love and peace.
Hence-forth Sa - vior, king e - ter - nal, Thou art ours and we are thine.

HARVEST SONG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be - hold the har-vest draweth near, The fields are white with ri-pen'd grain; The reap-ers too are ver-
2. The hard - est field's this world of sin, The wheat is pre - - cious souls; know ye The mas - ter is the King
3. He stands with pleading voice to-day, And pleads for reap - ers, who will come; Rich the re-ward he will

y few, The mas - ter calls and calls a - gain. The fields are white, - - - - - the har - vest
of heav'n, The God of life e - ter - nal - ly.
be - stow, When reap-ers sing the har - vest home.

The fields are white,

great, ... The mas - ter calls ..... for help to - day ..... More reap-ers
the har - vest great, The mas - ter calls for he'p to - day,

HARVEST SONG.—Concluded.

for ..... the har - vest field. ..... Oh who will bear ... . the sheaves a-way. .....
More reapers for the harvest field, Oh who will bear the sheaves away, the sheaves away.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

J. F. K.

With expression.

1. On - ly a lit - tle lamb, But Thou dost care for me, . . In
2. Thy ten - der care shall lead Me thro' the toils of day, . . Thy
3. There for life's lit - tle day, My com - fort - er, thou'lt be, . . Till

Rit. - - - - -

Thy great flock, dear Lord, I ev - - er safe shall be.
gen - tle hand will soothe, And wipe my tears a - way.
end - less joys are mine. Dear Lord, in heav'n with Thee

WAITING FOR THE REAPERS.

Words by Mrs. P. A. SPURLOCK. R. A. KINZIE, Geneseo, Ill.

Spirited.

1. Wait-ing for the reap-er's sic-kle Waves the whit-en'd har-vest field, Harbingers of love and mer-cy, For-ward go and bind the sheaves; Go ye la-b'rers bold with cour-age, Reap the gold-en head-ed grain, Rip-en'd fields all wait-ing, waiting, Since the Son of God was slain.

2. Wait not for the mor-row's dawning, Work ye while "'tis call'd to-day," Lo! the harvest time now com-ing, Je-sus calls, make no de-lay; Gath-er in the spa-cious gar-ner, Seed time, har-vest, ush-ers in, Wake the song! Mil-len-ial glo-ry Dawns up-on a world of sin.

CHORUS.

Sieze the torch . . . . . and wave it, wave it,

Seize the torch, seize the torch and wave it, Wave it, Zi - on's

Hal - le - lu . . . . . jah,

her - ald's loud pro - claim; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Swell the

cho - rus, Je - sus Christ, ... our Lord, shall reign.

EVER PRESENT.

ANNA M. ALLEN. J. F. KINSEY.

1. Oh, who would ask where God is thron'd, Or where His glo - ries rise, His pres ence brightens
2. We can - not from His jus - tice fly. Or from His mer-cies cease, He wills, and storms o'er-
3. He knows our frames, that we are dust, His prom - i - ses are true, And dark est clouds of

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry flow'r, And all the changing skies. Oh, blest are they who know His love, Who
spread the skies, He sets His bow of peace.
tri - als break, To let His sun-shine through.

Repeat p p

feel His constant care, We can - not from His pres-ence flee, For God is ev 'ry-where.

I'LL BE A SOLDIER TRUE.

A. J. CRIDER. J. F. KINSEY.

Andantino.

1. What have I done for Je - sus? What can I do to - day? Is there a work for
2. There may be some in bond-age, Some in the night of pain, Wait ing for me to
3. I am but weak and low - ly, Je - sus was low - ly too, If I've a work for

CHORUS.

chil - dren. Oth-er than watch and pray. I am but weak and low-ly, Je - sus was low - ly
ask them To come and be born a - gain.
Je - sus, He will help me through.

too, I'll not for - sake my Sa - vior, I'll be a sol - dier true.

CALL TO LABOR.

ANNA M. ALLEN. W. A. OGDEN.

Solo Obligato.

1. Why stand ye here all the day i - dle? Why waste ye the tal - ent pos - sess'd? . . Why
2. Yes, waste not the time, 'tis so prec - ious, The fruit still is rip'ning for you, . . . The
3. Go en - ter God's vineyard and la - bor, While the sea-son to la - bor shall last; . . The

waste ye the ho - urs of la - bor, The sea - son for tak - ing thy rest. . .
har - vest, the har - vest is plen - teous, But reap - ers to gar - ner are few. . .
voice of the Mas - ter shall sum - mon, The sea - son to gar - ner is past. . .

CHORUS.

Go en - ter God's vine - yard and la - bor, Tho' late in the day it may be; The

Mas - ter our prom - ise as - sist - eth, I'll give what is right un - to thee.

THY WILL BE DONE.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. Father I know Thy ways are just, Altho' to ME UN- KNOWN I grant me grace Thy love to trust And cry thy will be done.
2. If Thou should'st hedge with thorns my path, Should wealth and friends be gone, Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry thy will be done.
3. Altho' Thy steps I cannot trace, thy sov'reign right I'll own And as instructed by Thy grace, I'll cry thy will be done.

COME LITTLE CHILDREN.

MARIA STRAUB

JASON. H PROUTY.

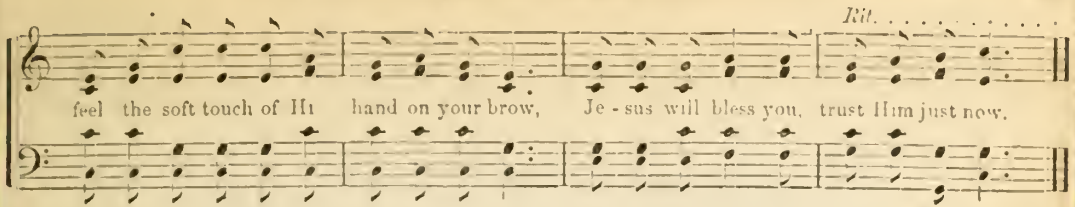
Moderato.

1. Come lit - tle chil-dren, the Sa - vior is near, Wait-ing to greet all the lit - tle ones here;
2. Come lit - tle chil-dren, He's lov - ing and mild, Once, O be - lieve it, He too was a child,
3. Come lit - tle chil-dren, your foot-steps may stray, Come un - to Him, He will light - en the way;

Hark, He in-vites you, He says let them come, Come un - to me I will bless you each one.
All your child's pleasures and sor-rows He knows, Glad - ly would share in your bur-dens and woes.
Je - sus, your Sa - vior is near, ev - er near, Wait-ing to help you His lit - tle ones dear.

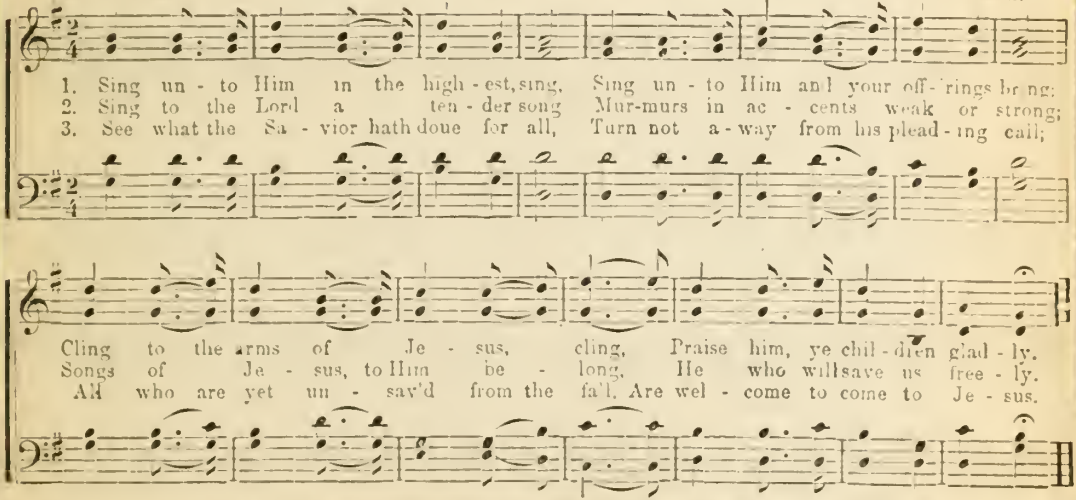
CHORUS.

Come lit - tle chil-dren, O come to His arms, Safe-ly He'll keep you from danger's a-larms; Come



SING UNTO HIM.

A. J. CRIDER. J. F. KINZIE.



COME TO ME.

Moderato.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. To the wan-dring and the wea - ry, Ev - ry - where on land and sea, Je - sus calls in
2. From our home, our household al - tar, When our Fath - er bends the knee, Oft we hear a
3. When at night up-on our pil - low, We have raised our pray'r to Thee, Then we felt the
4. Oft we hear it when our teach-ers Talk to us of Cal - va - ry, In our hearts its
5. When we pass death's troubled riv - er, Calm and peace-ful it will be; If we hear that

CHORUS.

tones of mer - cy, Come, dear chil-dren, come to me. Come to me, oh, come to me,
voice in - vit - ing, Come, dear chil-dren come to me.
word un - spok - en, Come, dear chil-dren, come to me.
tones re - e - cho, Come, dear chil-dren, come to me
voice of voi - ces, Come, dear chil-dren, come to me.

Repeat pp.

Come, dear children, come to me, Come to me, oh, come to me, Come, dear children, come to me.

Con Spirito.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go, Join the war and face the foe:
2. Shrink not, Chris - tians, will ye yield, Will ye quit the pain - ful field?
3. Let your droop - ing hearts be glad, March in heav'n - ly ar - mor clad;

CHORUS.

Faint not, much doth yet re-main. Drear-y is the long campaign. On-ward, then, to bat - tle move,
Will ye flee in danger's hour? Know ye not your Cap-tain's pow'r?
Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Vict - 'ry soon shall tune your song.

More than conquer'rs ye shall prove; Tho' op - pos'd by many a foe, Chris-tian sol - diers, on-ward go.

SING FOR FREEDOM.

MARIA STRAUB. (For Fourth of July.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Energico.

1. We come, the youthful and the old, A free-dom lov-ing band, To cel - e brate the welcome day, The birth-day of our land; We love the soil our fa-thers trod, The birthright of the free, We'll sing in hon-or of the name, The land of lib-er - ty. Then sing, yes sing for free-dom to-day, cel - e - brate its gen - tle sway, In u - ni - ver-sal song.
2. Still o er us near that em-blem dear, The old red, white and blue, With beams of pa - tri - ot - ic fire, Each col - or glows a - new; Fair en - sign of the no - ble free, The shield of cru-el wrong, We'll us a peo-ple no - ble, strong, An hon-or to her name.
3. Not wars could break the union band, Twas ours, the glory won, Hark, hark the glad triumphant sound, Still ech - oes we are one; Oh, Fath-er kind, we own thy pow'r, That shields our country's fame, Make

CHORUS

Then sing, sing for free - dom,

Wake the joy - ful lay,

Make a joy - ful, joy - ful lay, Mill-ions swell the cho - rus, Tis in - de - pen-dence day.

AMERICA.

S. F. S.

Maestoso.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims pride, From ev - 'ry mountain's side, Let free - dom ring.
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
3. Our fa - ther, God; to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our lands be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.—(Temperance Song.)

J. H. P.

J. F. KINSEY.

Sprightly.

1. From bright - est crys-tal foun-tain, That flows in beau-ty free, By shad - y hill and moun - tain, Fill high the cup for me. Sing of the spark - ling wa - ters, Sing of the cool-ing spring, Let freedom's sons and daughters Their joyous trib-ute bring.

2. From many a hap-py dwell-ing, Late misery's dark a - bode, The joy - ous peal is swell - ing, The hymn of praise to God. Glad songs are now as-cend - ing, From many a thankful heart; Hope, joy and peace are blend-ing, And each their aid im - part.

3. We'll join the tune-ful cho - rus, And raise our song on high, The cheer-ing view be-fore us, De-lights the rap - tur'd eye. The glori - ous cause is gain - ing New strength from day to day; The drunkard host is wan-ing, Be - fore cold wa ter's sway.

HAIL THE DAY.—(New Year's Song.)

MARIA STRAUB. W. A. OGDEN.

Sprightly.

1. Hail the day, the hap - py day, First of all the glad New Year; Tuneful voi - ces, Joy-ous hearts.
2. Tho' the year has pass'd a-way, Dream we not that time is o'er; For the glad re - turn-ing day,
3. Hail the year, the glad New Year, All with beau-ty glows a - new, While with grateful hearts we meet

Chorus. Wel - come, wel - come,

Bring the glad and welcome cheer. Welcome, wel-come, welcome, welcome, Welcome here this
Ev - er brings us one year more.
Love and friendship to re - new.

Wel - come, wel - come,

Hap - py New Year, Welcome, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, Wel - come here to - day.

HALLELUJAH! LET US SING.

(CHRISTMAS SONG.)

G. W. R. J. F. KINSEY.

Sprightly.

1. Mer - ry, mer-ry Christ - mas. Hap-py, hap - py Christ - mas. Day of joy to all the earth;
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry in the high - est, Chil - dren catch the enraptur'd strain;
3. Sound we forth the gos - pel, Sound we forth the gos - pel, Tell the heath - en that for them,

List-en to the cho - rus, Bright an-gel - ic cho - rus, Hail the in - fant Sa - vior's birth.
Peace, good will to mor - tals, Peace, good will to mortals, Christ hath stoop'd our bliss to gain.
On this Christmas morn-ing, On this Christmas morning, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! let us sing, Hal-le - lu - jah! let us sing, Hal-le - lu - jah! let us sing, Joyous anthems to our King.

THE LITTLE GLEANERS.—(Infant Class.)

J. H. P.

J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

1. We are a lit - tle glean-ing band, We can - not bind the sheaves, But we can fol - low those who reap, And gath - er what each leaves; We are not strong, but Je - sus loves The weak-est of the fold, And in our fee-ble ef-forts prove His ten - der-ness un - told.

2. We are not rich, but we can give As we are pass ing on, A cup of wa - ter in His name, To some poor faint - ing one; We are not wise, but Christ, our Lord, Re- veal'd to babes His will, And we are sure from His dear word He loves the chil-dren still.

3. We know that with our gather'd grain, Bri - ars and leaves are seen, Yet since we tried He smiles the same, And takes our off - er - ing; Dear chil - dren, still ho - san - nas sing As Christ doth conq'ring come, Cast - ing your treasures as He brings The heath-en na - tions home.

SAVIOR TEACH ME.—(Infant Class.)

J. F. K.

1. Sa - vior teach me day by day, Love's sweet les - sons to o - bey;
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to Fol - low in Thy grace;

Sweet - er les - sons can not be, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Prompt to serve and fol low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.

NFANT SONG.

J. F. S.

J. F. K.

Slow.

1. God make my life a lit-tle light Within the world to glow, A lit tle flame that burneth bright, Wherever I may go.
2. God make my life a lit-tle flow'r That giveth joy to all, Content to bloom in native bow'r, Oft tho' its place be small.
3. God make my life a little song That comforteth the sad, That helpeth others to be strong, And makes the singer glad.
4. God make my life a little hymn Of tenderness and praise, Of faith that never waxeth dim, In all His wond'rous ways.

JESUS, MASTER.

(LORD'S SUPPER.)

B. H. *Largo.* J. F. K.

1. Jesus, Master, hear me now, While I would renew my vow, And record Thy dying love, Hear and help me from above.
2. Feed me, Savior, with thy bread, Broken in Thy body's stead, Cheer my spirit with this wine, Streaming, like that blood of thine.
3. And as now I eat and drink, Let me truly, sweetly think, Thou did'st hang upon the tree, Broken, bleeding, there for me.

THY WILL BE DONE.

(DEATH OF A TEACHER OR SCHOLAR.)

W. S. T. *Grave.* J. F. K.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death hath won,
2. Tho' cast down, we're not for - sak - en, Tho' af - flict - ed, not a - lone,
3. Tho' to - day we're fill'd with mourn - ing, Mer - cy still is on the throne,

We would at this sol - emn meet - ing Calm - ly say Thy will be done.
Thou did'st give and Thou hast tak - en, Bless - ed Lord, Thy will be done.
With thy smiles of love and bless - ing, We can sing Thy will be done.

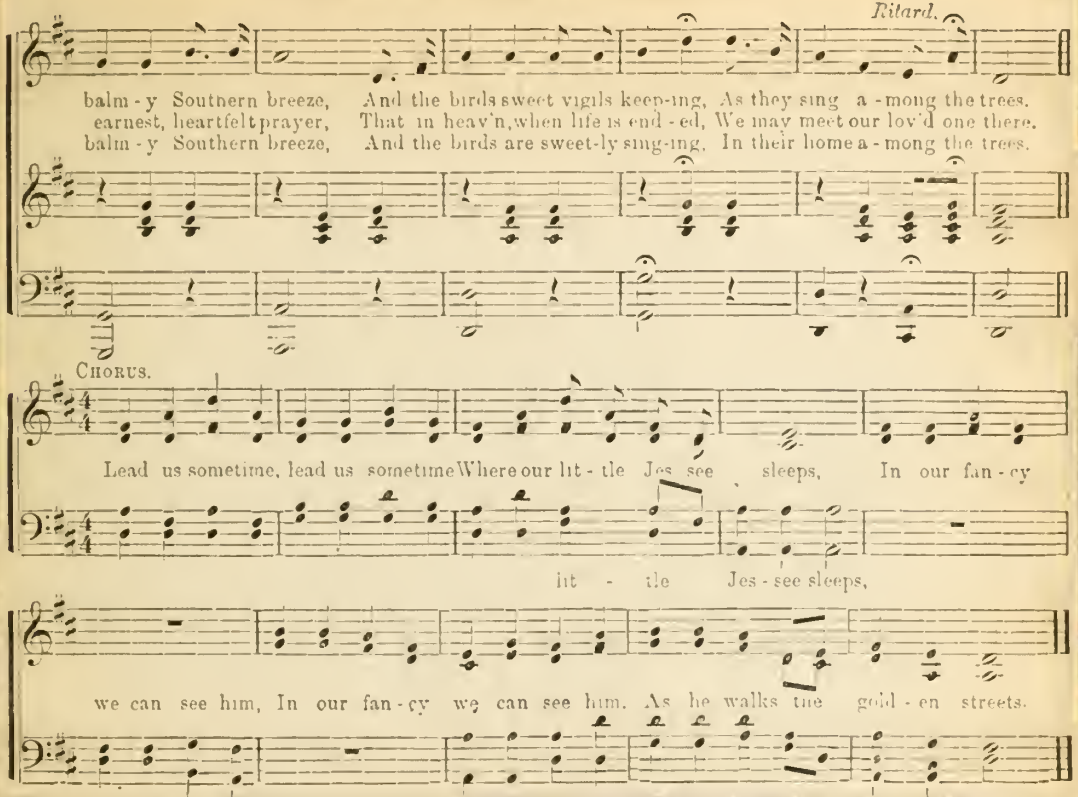
LEAD US SOME TIME.

(In Memory of Jessee Grawcock.)

Arranged by J. F. Kinsey.

Espressivo.

1. Lead us some-time where he's sleeping, To our lit - tle Jes-see's grave, Where the i - vy vines are creep - ing, And the bloom-ing flow - ers wave; Where the wil - low boughs are swinging In the
2. Lead us some-time where he's sleeping, To that green and sacred mound, Where the bright young stars are shin - ing, Thro' the trees that stand a - round; Oh, how oft our hearts have blended In an
3. Lead us some-time where he's sleeping, Where our lov d, lost Jessee lies, Where the li - lies guard his keep - ing, As they point to - ward the skies; Where the wil - low boughs are swinging In the


Ritard.
balm - y Southern breeze, And the birds sweet vigils keep-ing, As they sing a - mong the trees.
earnest, heartfelt prayer, That in heav'n, when life is end - ed, We may meet our lov'd one there.
balm - y Southern breeze, And the birds are sweet-ly sing-ing, In their home a - mong the trees.
Chorus.
Lead us sometime, lead us sometime Where our lit - tle Jes see sleeps, In our fan - cy
lit - tle Jes - see sleeps,
we can see him, In our fan - cy we can see him. As he walks the gold - en streets.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

(Church Missions.)

J. F. KINSEY.

Vigoroso.

1. Now be the gos-pel ban - ner In ev-'ry land un - furled, And be the shout "Ho-
2. What, tho' th' embattled le - gions, Of earth and hell com-bine, His power throughout their
3. Yes, thou shalt reign for - ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings! Thy light, thy love, thy

san - na!" Re - ech - oed through the world; 'Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, 'Till
re - gions, Shall soon re - splen-dent shine; Ride on, Oh Lord! vic - tor - ious, Im-
fa - vor, Each ransomed cap - tive sings; The isles for thee are wait - ing, The

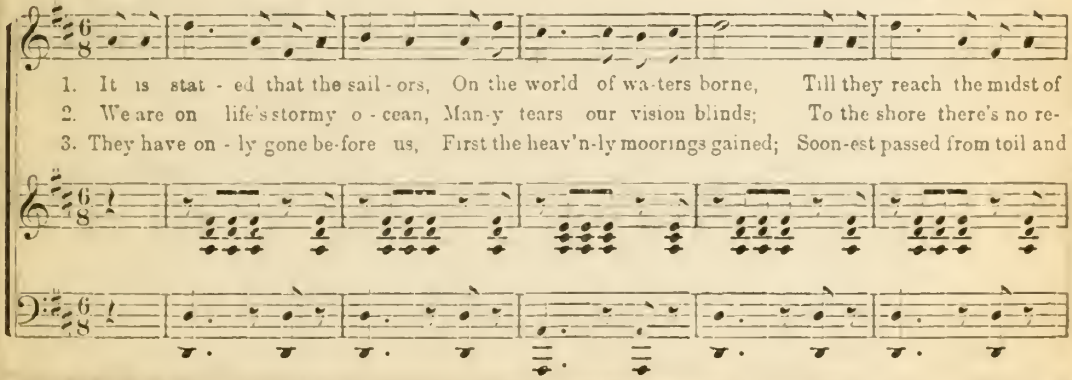
ev - 'ry tribe and tongue, Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.
manuel, Prince of Peace, Thy triumph shall be glo-rious, Thine em-pire still increase.
des-erts learn thy praise, The hills and val-leys greet-ing, The song re-spon-sive raise.

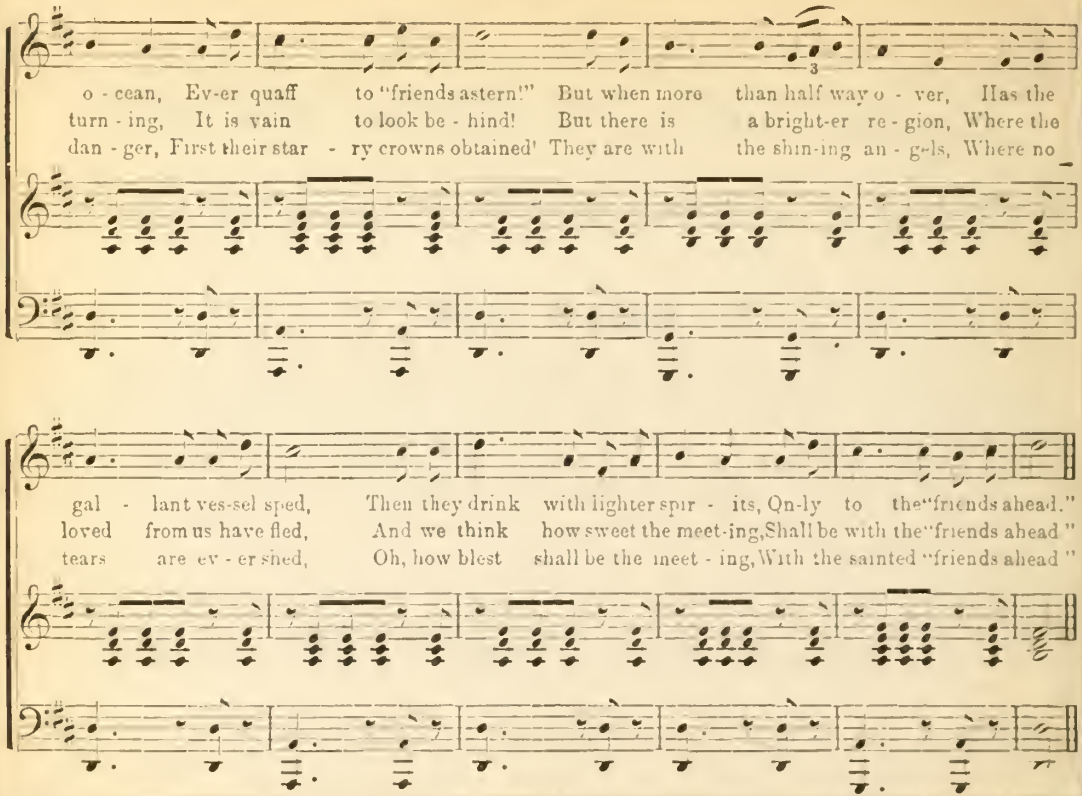
SACRED SONGS FOR GOSPEL MEETINGS

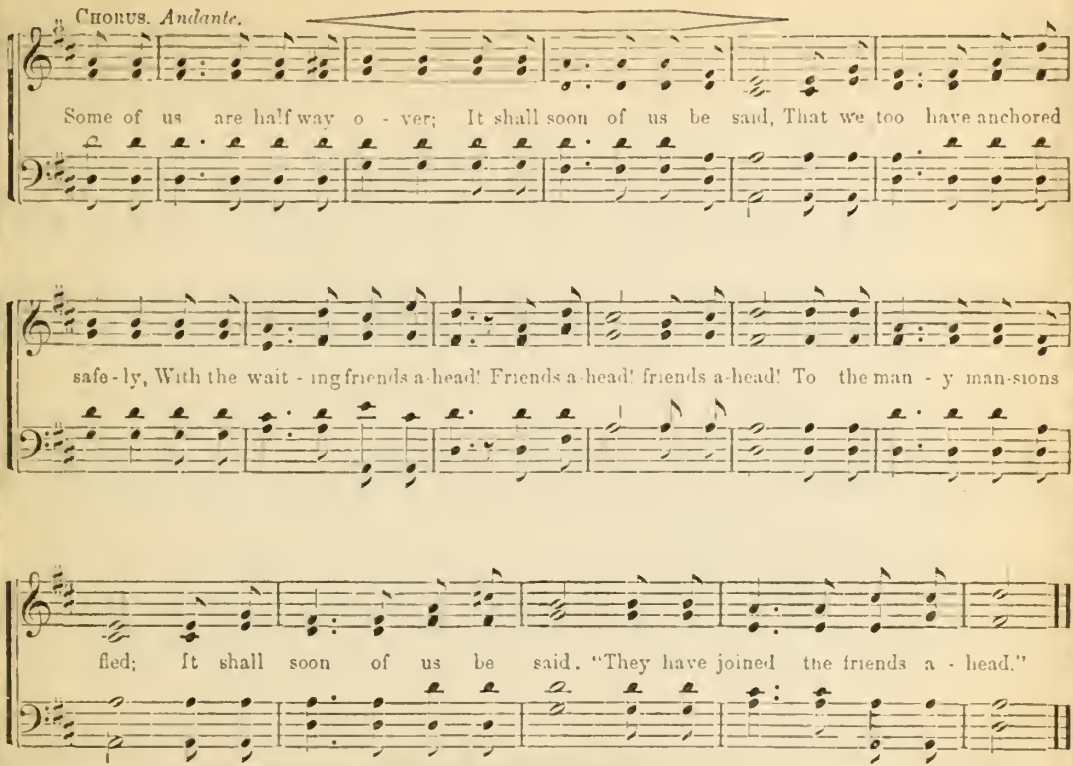
FRIENDS AHEAD.

Upon the death of his only surviving daughter, Wilberforce wrote: "I have often heard that sailors on a voyage will drink 'friends astern,' till they are half way over, then 'friends ahead!' With me it has been 'friends ahead' this long time."

E. R. LATTA. J. F. KINSEY.



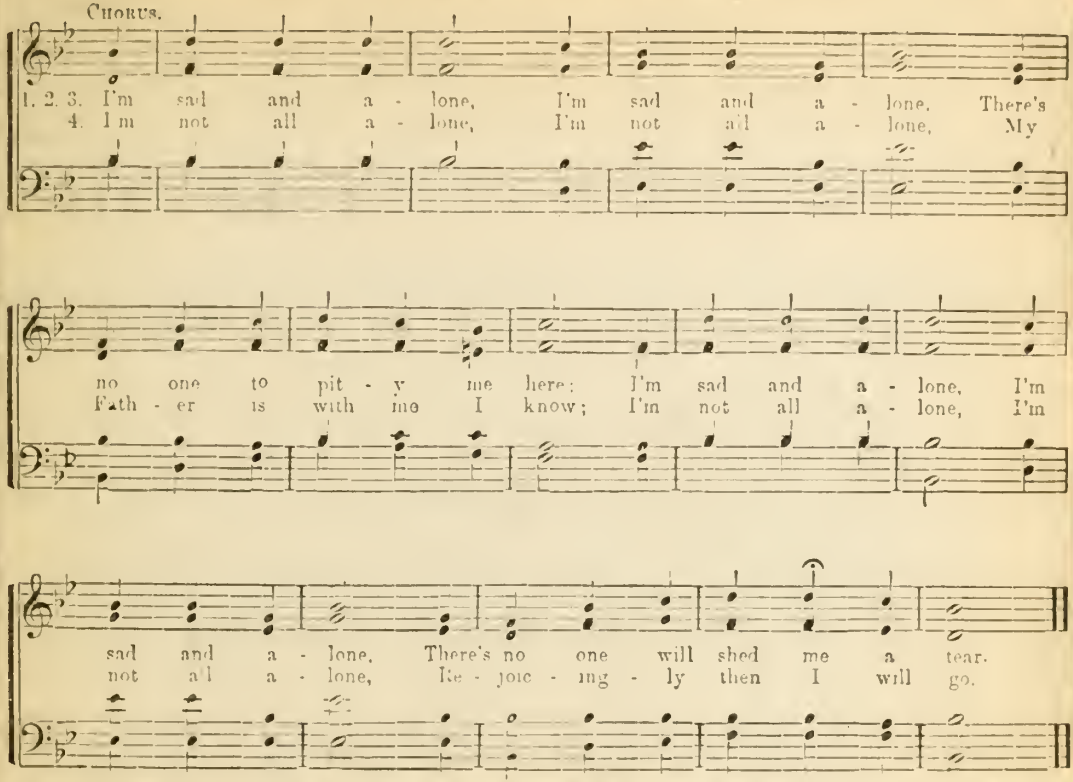

o - cean, Ev-er quaff to "friends astern!" But when more than half way o - ver, Has the
turn - ing, It is vain to look be - hind! But there is a bright-er re - gion, Where the
dan - ger, First their star - ry crowns obtained! They are with the shin-ing an - gels, Where no
gal - lant ves-sel sped, Then they drink with lighter spir - its, On-ly to the "friends ahead."
loved from us have fled, And we think how sweet the meet-ing, Shall be with the "friends ahead"
tears are ev - er shed, Oh, how blest shall be the meet - ing, With the sainted "friends ahead"


CHORUS. *Andante.*
Some of us are half way o - ver; It shall soon of us be said, That we too have anchored
safe - ly, With the wait - ing friends a-head! Friends a-head! friends a-head! To the man - y man-sions
fled; It shall soon of us be said. "They have joined the friends a - head."

SAD AND ALONE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I asked the poor or-phan, barefooted and cold, Who sat in the door-way with gar-ments so old, What made him so rag-ged, what caused him to moan? His an-swer was sim-ply, I'm sad and a-lone.
2. I asked the poor wid-ow, with eyes dim with tears, Whose heart once was hap-py, now void of its cheers, What was her deep sor-row, and what would a-tone? Her an-swer was this, I'm sad and a-lone.
3. I asked of the mourner, whose heart was downcast, Who seemed to be sor-row-ing o-ver the past, What trou-bled his spir-it, he quick-ly made known, By an-swer-ing sim-ply, I'm sad and a-lone.
4. I asked of the Christian, when Death was at hand, What made him so hap-py so near death's command, He sweet-ly made an-swer, I'm near-ing the throne, My Fath-er is with me, I'm not all a-lone.


Chorus.
1. 2. 3. I'm sad and a - lone, I'm sad and a - lone, There's
4. I'm not all a - lone, I'm not all a - lone, My
no one to pit - y me here; I'm sad and a - lone, I'm
Fath - er is with me I know; I'm not all a - lone, I'm
sad and a - lone, There's no one will shed me a tear.
not all a - lone, Re - joic - ing - ly then I will go.

***

OH ! THAT HOME.

J. F. KINSEY.

Espressivo.

1. There's a home over there by the riv - er of life, A place where the weary may rest; Where no sor - row and care, neither an - guish nor strife, Can en - ter that land of the blest.
2. To that home over there our dear lov'd ones have gone There to dwell with the Savior and King; To shout loud hosannas around the great throne, And with an - gel - ic choirs to sing.
3. In that home over there, where there is no night, May we all ev - er strive to go; In that land to sing, with the an - gels bright, And the lov'd ones who've gone be - fore.

CHORUS. Oh that home, oh that home.

Oh, that home, blessed home, Oh, that home over there, Oh, that home, blessed home over there, Where no

sor - row and care, neith-er an - guish or strife, Can en - ter that home o - ver there.

HUDSON. L. M.

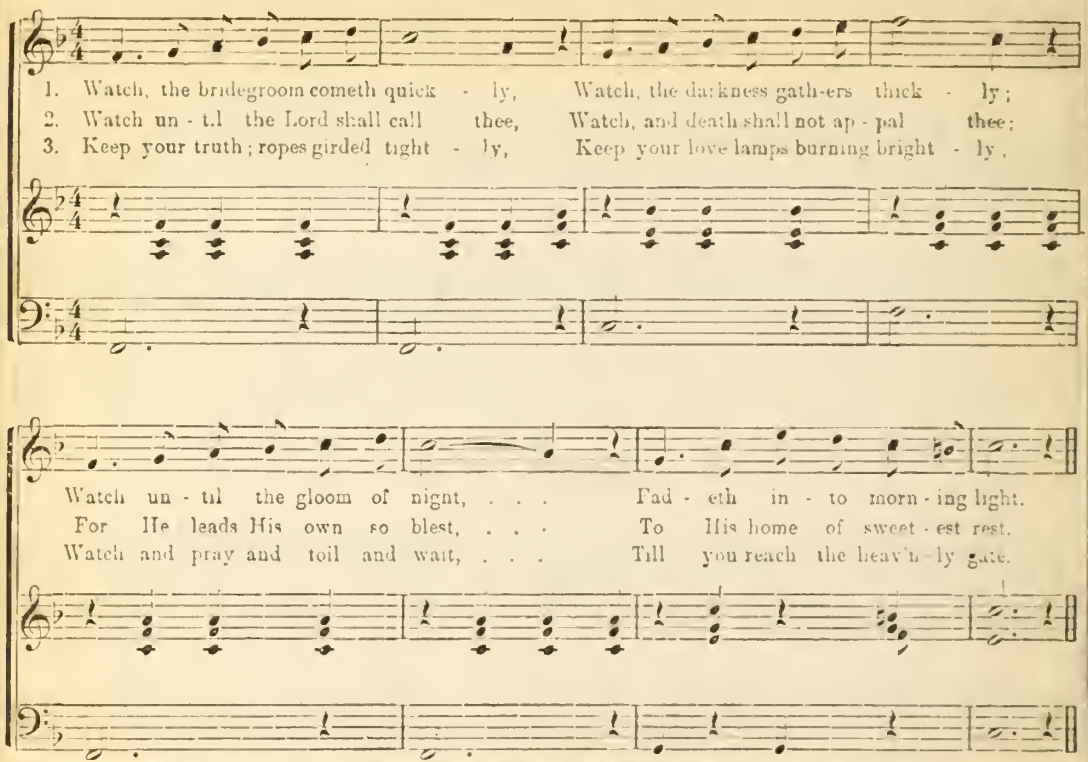
J. F. KINSEY.

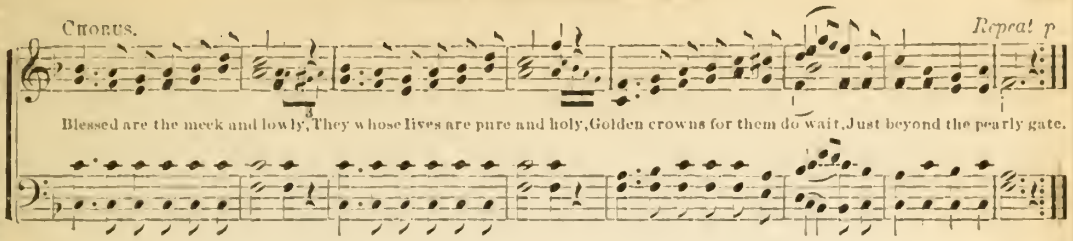
Maestoso.

1. Now for a tune of lofty praise, To Great Jehovah's equal son, Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, And tell the wonders he hath done.
2. Sing how he left the world of light And those bright robes he wore above; How swift and joyful was his flight On wings of ev'rlasting love.
3. Deep in the shades of gloom and death, Th' Almighty captive, prisoner lay; Th' Almighty captive left the earth And rose to everlasting day.
4. Among a thousand harps and songs, Jesus, the God, exalted reigns, His sacred name fills all their tongues And echoes thro' the heavenly plains.

WATCH.

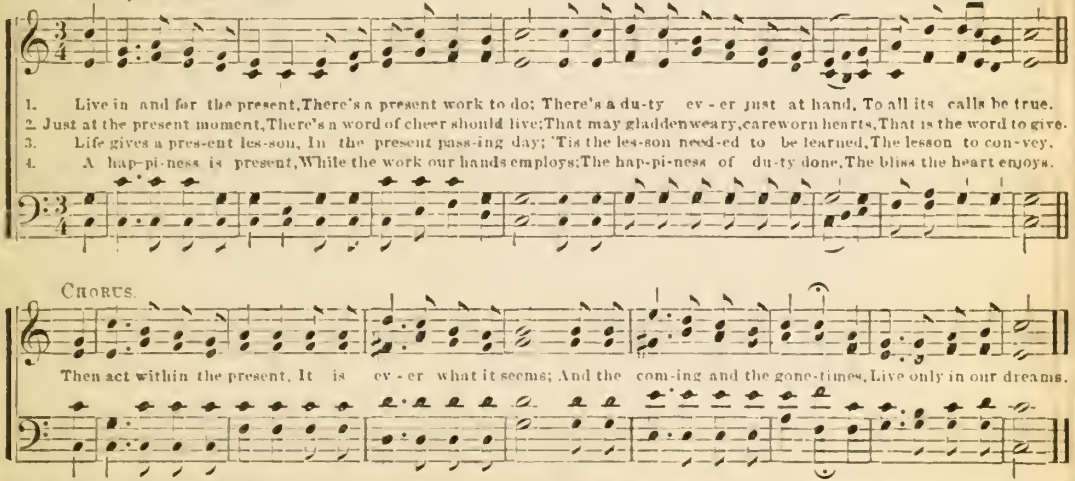
E. COOK.


1. Watch, the bridegroom cometh quick - ly, Watch, the darkness gath-ers thick - ly;
2. Watch un - til the Lord shall call thee, Watch, and death shall not ap - pal thee;
3. Keep your truth; ropes girded tight - ly, Keep your love lamps burning bright - ly.
Watch un - til the gloom of night, . . . Fad - eth in - to morn - ing light.
For He leads His own so blest, . . . To His home of sweet - est rest.
Watch and pray and toil and wait, . . . Till you reach the heav'n - ly gate.



LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

Words by ANNA M. ALLEN. DR J. B. HERBERT.



LAY BY ME TILL MORNING.

Inscribed to Rev. H. D. Alden, of Upper Iowa Conference of the M. E. Church.

E. R. LATTA. J. F. KINSEY.

It was my lot, said a shipmaster, to fall in with that ill-fated steamer, the "Central America." The night was closing in, the sea was rolling high; but I hailed the crippled steamer and asked if they needed help. "I am in a sinking condition," said Capt. Henderson Had you not better send your passengers on board now? "No, LAY BY ME TILL MORNING!" said the Captain. I tried to lay by him, but at night such was the heavy roll of the sea I could not keep my position, and I never saw the steamer more. In an hour and a-half after the captain said "LAY BY ME TILL MORNING" the vessel, with its living freight, went down, and the captain and crew, and a great majority of the passengers found a grave in the great deep. But for this delay, all might have been saved.

Ad. lib.

1. Night was rap - id - ly approaching, And the sea was roll-ing high, When a crip - pled steamer, Met a sea - man's friendly eye. "Come on board," he loud-ly shout - ed, Shout-ed sinking
2. Al - tho' sink - ing, cried the cap-tain, "Tar-ry till the night goes by, "And a - mid the tempest's thun - der, Sped the an - swer "I will try." But in vain the kind en - deav - or, By the
3. Thou art sink - ing, sin - ner, sink-ing, In the depths of end-less woe. Je - sus bids thee, flee for ref - uge, Ere the bil - lows thee o'er-flow, Do not wait un - til to - mor - row, Not a

once and once a - gain; But the cap - tain did not heed him, For he was not read - y then.
fa - ted ship to stay, Sank the ves - sel in the vor-tex. From the cap-tain's short de - lay.
moment's waste al - low, Soon'twill be too late for - ev - er, Come on board for glo - ry now.

CHORUS.

Oh, lay by me till morn - ing, Lay by me till morn - ing, the

cap - tain did re - ply, Lay by me till morn - ing, And sank be-neath the tide.

ALL PRAISE TO JESUS.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. A. GLENN.

1. All glo - ry and praise..... to Je-sus our Lord, ... So plentious in grace,..... so true to his
2. His wit-ness with - in ..... by faith we re - ceive, ... And ransom d from sin, ... in righteousness

1. All glo - ry and praise, to Je - sus our Lord, So plentious in grace, so
2. His wit-ness within, by faith we re-ceive, And ransom d from sin, in

word, . . To us he hath giv'n . . the gift from a - bove; . . A ransom from heav'n the spirit of
live, . . Thro' Je - sus who died . . we glad-ly pos - sess; . . A present sal-va-tion, a kingdom of

true to His word, To us he hath giv'n the gift from a-bove;
righteousness live, Thro' Je-sus who died we glad - ly pos-sess,

love, The truth of our God . . we bold-ly as - sert, . . His love shed a-broad . . and pow'r in our
peace, The peace and pow - er . . ye sin-ners em-brace . . And look for the show'r . . and spir-it of

The truth of our God we bold-ly as - sert, His love shed abroad. and
The peace and pow-er ye sin-ners em-brace, And look for the show r, and

ALL PRAISE TO JESUS.—Concluded.

hearts, . . Ye all may in - her - it on Je - sus who call, . . The gift of His Son is prof-er'd to all.
grace, . . The gift that is giv'n . . we, all may re-ceive, . . For-ev - er and ev - er with-in us to live:

pow'r in our hearts, Ye all may inherit on Je-sus who call,
spir - it of grace, The gift that is giv'n we all may receive,

ALMOST HOME.

Words and Music by J. H. WARD.

Moderato.

1. My feet have trod the journey, And my race is almost run, Life to me is but a sor-row, And my day is almost done;
2. All ye foot-sore, worn and weary, Come and lay your burdens down, For the Savior now is waiting, To bestow the conq'rer's crown;
3. Angel choirs will chant the music, For the Savior in that land, There will be no care nor sorrow, But a glad triumphant band;

But I'm looking thro' the mist, Thro' the clouds I see the dome, Of the bright celestial cit - y, And I'm al-most home.
Hark, He's sing-ing in soft accents, Wea-ry child, no longer roam, Cease your toiling and your sorrow, For you're almost home.
Far be-yond this vale of sighing, There will be no dark'ning gloom, But a bright eternal morning, When you're almost home.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

MRS. E. H. FISH. FRANK M. DAVIS.

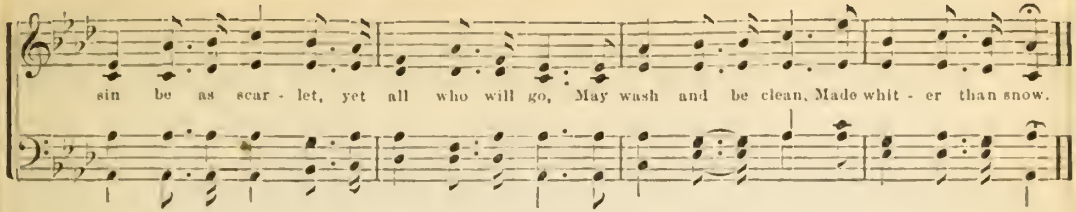
1. There's a fountain for cleansing where sin-ners may go, And washing there-in be made whit-er than snow. Tis the
2. O won-der-ful foun-tain, there nev-er has been, A foun-tain like this one which cleanseth from sin; Its
3. Come, come to this foun-tain ye sin-strick-en ones, For you its pure wa-ters so free-ly now runs; Dis-

won-der of heav-en, the glo-ry of earth, The theme of the Chris-tian which tells of its worth.
all heal-ing wa-ters are pleas-ant and pure, And those who ap-ply find ef-fect-u-al cure.
pel ev-'ry doubt and cast off ev-'ry fear, Be ful-ly per-suad-ed and hith-er draw near.

REFRAIN.

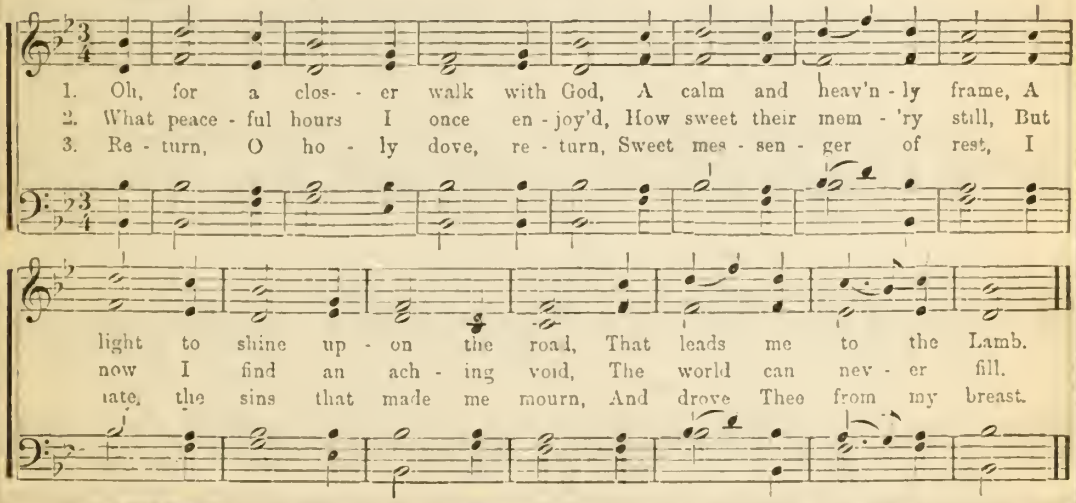
Whit - - - er than snow,..... Whit - - er than snow,

Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, Tho'



BALERMA. (Spanish Melody.)

Andante.



WILL YOU COME TO THE CROSS.

MRS. MARY E. KAIL. J. H. LESLIE.

Andantino.

1. Sinner come to the cross, For the moments are fly-ing, While around ev-'ry-where Care-less sinners are dy-ing;
2. Will you come, sinner come And ac - cept of the glo-ry, With thanksgiving and praise Hear redemption's glad story;
3. Let the good news go home That the lost are re - turning, While sal-vation's bright lamp Is so brilliantly burning;

Je - sus calls you to - day, Will you glad - ly re - ceive Him, All he asks you to do Is to trust and believe Him.
Learn the dear Savior's love And His strength to de - liv - er From the thralldom of sin And to save you for - ev - er.
Come to Je - sus just now, With your bur-den of sorrow, For too late it may be Should you wait for the morrow.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus just now With your burden of sorrow, For too late it may be Should you wait for to-morrow.

WAITING.

FANNY CROSBY. JOHN J. LONG.

1. Waiting, watching and long - ing, Wait-ing with anxious heart; Watching the length'ning
2. Waiting, watching and long - ing, Wait-ing my Sa-vior's voice; Watching till his ap-
3. Waiting, watching and long - ing, Wait-ing the joys a - bove; Watching the white-robed

shad - ows Come as the hours de - part. Long-ing to drop the an - chor Safe in the
pear - ing Bids me in hope re - joice. Long-ing to greet the dear ones, Safe on the
an - gels Com - ing on wings of love. Long-ing to to follow Je - sus, Fol - low at

gold - en stream. O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the sun ny land.
gold - en strand, O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the sun-ny land.
His com - mand, O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the sun-ny land.

FEED MY LAMBS.

DUET

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. Hear the gen-tle Shepherd speaking, In His tones of ten-d'rest love, "Feed my lambs, Oh
2. Hear and heed that earn-est plead-ing, Haste to seek and gath - er in, All those dear ones

leave not an - y, Who may reach my fold a - bove," "Feed my lambs, Oh save and cher-ish,"
for the Sa - vior, Ere their souls are stained by sin; Lead them in their up-ward journey,

'Tis the bless-ed Sa-vior's call, "Stand not gaz-ing while they perish, Haste to find and gather all."
Guard their feet from rock and snare, Guard them to the gold en portals And the heav'nly Shepherd there.

CHORUS.

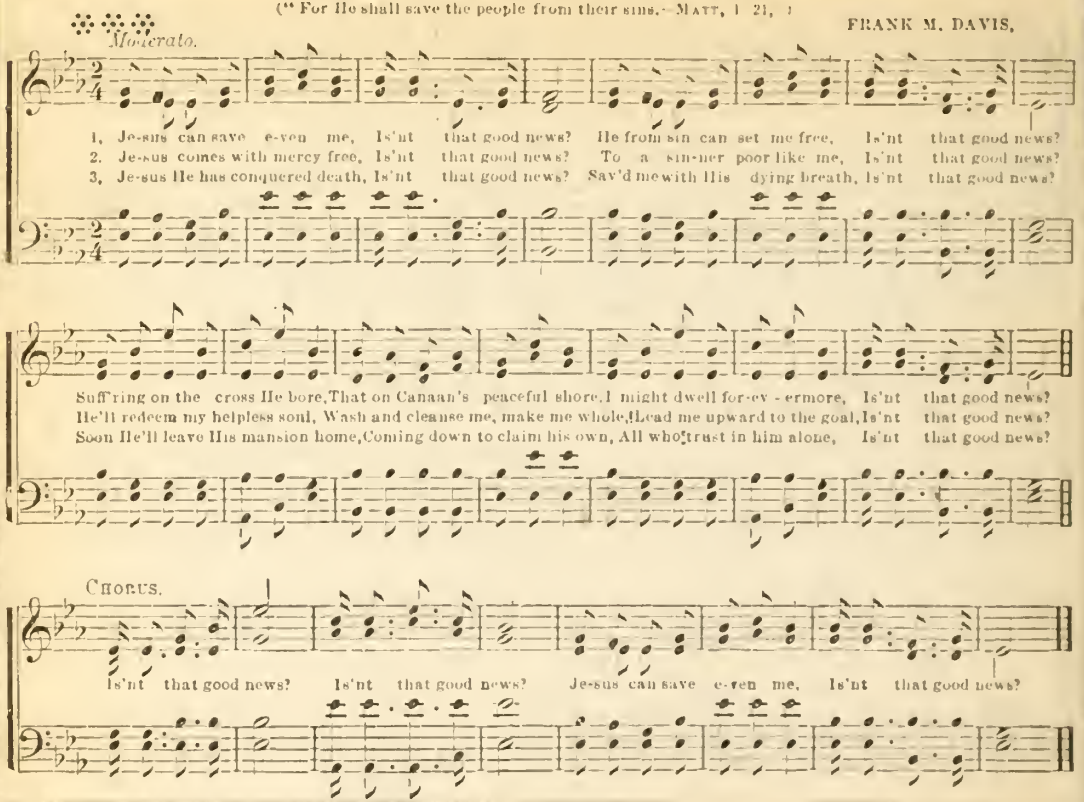
Feed my lambs, ... Hear the lov - ing Sa - vior's call,
Feed my lambs,

"Feed my lambs, ... Haste to find and gath - er all."
Feed my lambs,

JESUS CAN SAVE EVEN ME.

("For He shall save the people from their sins.—MATT. 1 21.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.



AS I HAVE LOVED YOU.

J. R. DODGE.

Allegretto.

1. We heard the words of Je-sus, Un-to His chos-en few, His love ye one an-oth-er, As I have lov-ed you, And
2. We saw him thro' the shadow, That vail'd the palid sun, With arms outstretch'd to gather His scattered flock in one, But
3. We saw the lips that mock'd him, Grow deathly in the dust, And dying eyes that sought him, Grow radiant with trust, We
4. Oh King of love, we know not, The wond'rous stoop divine, Of love beyond all knowledge, That drew our hearts to thine, Not

so In sweet com-mun-ion, Thro' pov-er-ty and loss. We fol-low him to-geth-er, To caly'ry and the cross.
oh, the rev-a-la-tion, Of love o'er com-ing sin, When Je-sus' arms are o-pen, To take his slayers in.
saw—oh wond'rous vis-ion, Be-yond the cross—the tomb, The lift-ed gates of glo-ry, And Je-sus welcom'd home.
in the up-per cham-ber, But at the cross a-lone. The low-est depths was fathom'd, Between Thee and Thy throne.

CHORUS.

Oh bless-ed words of Je-sus, Spok-en to His few, Love ye one an-oth-er, As I have lov-ed you.

WATCHING, WAITING AND WORKING.

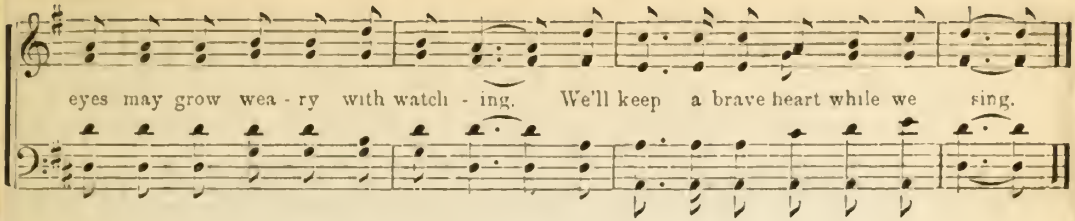
Words by NETTIE MONTROSE. Music by C. R. REED.

1. We are watch - ing and wait - ing for Je - sus, Who died up - on cal - va - ry's
2. We re - joice in our wea - ry - some la - bors, Our mas - ter is com - ing a-
3. And al-though we must per - ish and wit - ness The com - ing of Je - sus, our

tree; We are watching and wait-ing for Je - sus, Whose love and sal-va-tion is free.
gain; In the glo - ry and pow'r of His king-dom, To reign o'er the children of men.
Lord; If we on - ly are faith-ful and earn - est, We nev - er shall lose our re - ward.

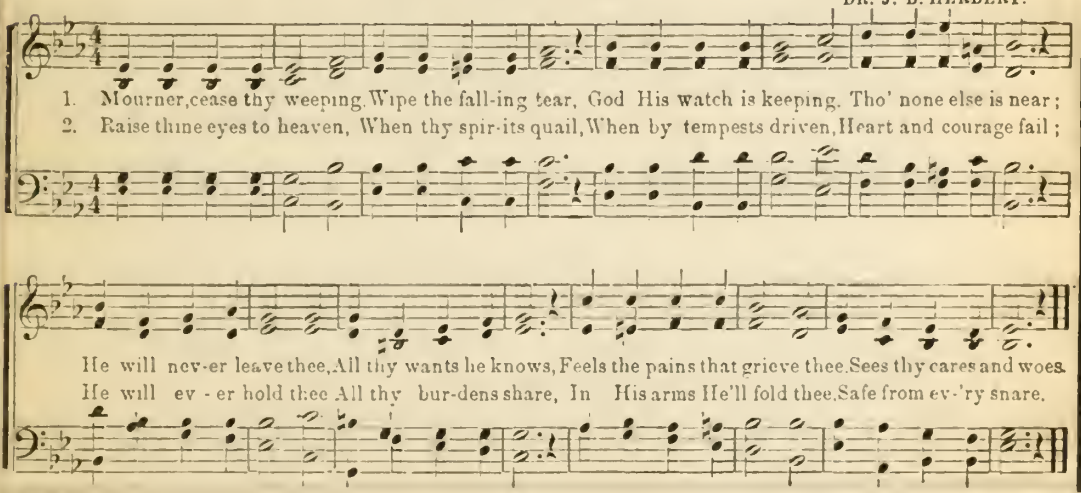
CHORUS.

We are watching and wait-ing and work - ing, For Christ our a - dor - a - ble King, Tho' our



MOURNER. CEASE THY WEEPING.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.



HYMN AND PRAYER.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Lord when we bow be - fore Thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour, O may we feel the sins we
2. Our con - trite spir-its pity-ing see, True pen - i - tence im - part, And let a heal-ing ray from
3. Dear Je - sus now we come to Thee, The life, the truth the way, The path of pray'r Thyself hast

own, And hate what we de - plore.
Thee, Beam hope on ev - 'ry heart.
trod, Lord teach us how to pray.

Chant after 3d stanza.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n,
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us,
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men

O BEAUTIFUL HOME.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

Con spirito.

1. The dove let loose from East-ern skies, Re-turn - ing fond - ly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies, Where i - dle waarblers roam. O beau - ti - ful home, O beau - ti - ful home, Thy joys can nev - er be told, O beauti-ful home, O beauti ful home, When shall I en-ter Thy fold?

2. But high she shoots thro' air and light, A - bove all low de - lay, Where noth-ing earth-ly bounds her flight, Nor shad - ow dims her way.

2. So grant me, Lord from ev -' ry snare, Of sin - ful pas - sion free, A - loft thro' faith's serен' - er air, To urge my course to Thee.

O home, . . O home, . . .

O home, . . O home, . .

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

FRANK M DAVIS, by per.

1. When the tem-pest high is rag - ing, As I sail o'er life's rough sea, Wreck'd I be, I'll fear no bil-low, If I then may on - ly be. Clinging to the rock, Clinging to the rock, Clinging, Clinging,
2. If a - mid the wrecks I'm drift - ed, Dark-ness set-tled thick-ly round; Hope shall lift her gleaming bea-con, If I then be on - ly found.
3. When the waves shall close around me, Proudly round me as I die, O - ver all these seeming vic-tors, I shall tri-umph while I cry.

CHORUS.

Clinging to the rock; Wait-ing for the boatman from the oth-er shore, coming, coming for me.

LOVE DIVINE.

E. COOK.

Andante.

1. O love di - vine how sweet thou art, When shall I find my will - ing heart, All
2. God on - ly knows the love of God, Oh that it now were shed a - broad, In
3. Oh that I could for - ev - er sit, In trans - port at my Sa - vior's feet, Be

tak - en up by Thee; . . I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove, The
this poor ston - y heart; . . For love I sigh, for love I pine, This
this my hap - py choice; . . My on - ly care de - light and bliss, My

great - ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me. . . .
on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine, Be mine, the bet - ter part, . . .
joy, my heav'n on earth be this, To hear my Sa - vior's voice. . . .

HARK THE HEAVENLY MUSIC RINGING.

D. E. GOODHART. J. H. LESLIE.

1. Hark! the heavenly mu - sic ring-ing, On the bright ce - les - tial shore, An - gel choirs are sweet-ly sing-ing, Praise to God for - ev - er - more; While their heavenly mu-s c swell ing, In their happy home a-bove, We on earth can still be telling, Of his dear re-deem-ing love.
2. How our sa - vior came to save us, From the dark a-bode of night; Shed his blood that he might have us En - ter heav'ns e - ter - nal light, In our home beyond the riv - er, In that cit - y bright and fair, We will see his face for - ev - er. And his glo - ry we will share.
3. There with hal - le - lu - jahs ring-ing, We will join that ho - ly band, And we'll nev - er cease our sing-ing. In that bright and hap-py land; And be-side the crys-tal riv - er, In the presence of our King, We will sing his praise for-ev - er, While the heavenly arches ring.

PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

REV. S. CRUMP, (England.) R. G. STAPLES.

1. Raise me up to live, my God, The life of holi - est love, Raise me up to live, my
2. Nail me to Thy cross, my God, Pierce ev-'ry limb of sin; Nail me to thy cross, my
3. Bur - y in Thy grave, my Lord, En-tomb me in the dust; Bur - y in The grave, my

Lord, The life Thou liv'st a bove, Let Thy res - ur - recting power Throb and flame and
Lord, Till na - ture dies with - in, Take my car - nal life a - way, Let my sin - ful
Lord, My ev - 'ry e - vil lust, Dust to dust and earth to earth, Sepulcher-ed in

fill my heart, 'Till my rap - tured spir - it tow'rs To see Thee as Thou art.
self ex - pire, Cru - ci - fied with Thee, Oh may I know no fond de - sire.
grief and shame, Ne'er let sin have sec-ond birth, Or rise to curse Thy name.

BEAUTIFUL ANGELS COME.

(In memory of MISS ADA ROMAIN LESLIE.)

Words and Music by J. B. LESLIE.

Moderato.

1. Since life in sor - row has been spent, I seek my home a - bove, Where an - gels fair and bright, Are
2. I hear the an - gels as they sing, In hon - or to their King, Who wash'd them white as snow, And
3. And now I feel the cold, cold stream Alread - y touch my feet, But God will come and take me, To

p *m*

chant-ing their hymns of love; Are chant - ing their hymns of love, Are chanting their hymns of love; Where
gave them an en-trance in; And gave them an en-trance in, And gave them an en-trance in; Who
be ev - er more at rest; To be ev - er more at rest, To be ev - er more at rest; But

cresc. *Dim.* CHORUS.

an - gels fair and bright, Are chant-ing their hymns of love, Beau - ti - ful an - gels come, (O come),
wash'd them white as snow, And gave them an en-trance in.
God will come and take me, To be ev - er more at rest.

BEAUTIFUL ANGELS COME.—Concluded

f *Dim.* *p* *m*

Beau-ti-ful an-gels come, (O come), Come, O come and take me, Come, O come and take me, Beauti-ful an-gels

f *ff* *Repeat chorus pp after last verse.* *Rit.*

come, (O come). Beau-ti-ful an-gels come, (O come), Come, O come and take me To my heav'nly home, (heav'nly home.)

THY FATHER, AND MINE.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. Thy Father little one, and mine. Is He who reigns above; Thy prayers and mine he deigns to hear, In mercy from above
2. Thy pray'rs and mine, dear little child, He deigns in love to hear; Oh, to his blessed mercy-seat, Let us in faith draw near
3. Thy Father, little one, and mine. All hallowed be His name; Oh, pray thou that His will be done, In earth and heav'n the same.
4. Thy Father, little one, and mine. Pray thou for daily bread; For by his power alone we live, And by his bounty fed

I'M AT THE FOUNTAIN DRINKING.

E. A. PECK.

Arranged by J. F. KINSEY.

Andante.

1. Sal - va - tion, friends, is ev - er free, I'm at the fountain drinking, O!
2. Je - sus has bought us with his blood, I'm at the fountain drinking, Come
3. The liv - ing wa - ter, O! how sweet, I'm at the fountain drinking, Do
4. The path tho' nar - row, leads to life, I'm at the fountain drinking, And
5. Yes, hark, I hear the an - gels call, I'm at the fountain drinking, Fare

come, yes, come a - long with me, I'm on my jour - ney home.
walk with me a - long this road I'm on my jour - ney home.
come and drink, I oft re - peat, I m on my jour - ney home.
soon will end this mor - tal strife, I'm on my jour - ney home.
well to earth, fare - well to all, I m on my jour - ney home.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I m on my journey home.

SAFETY AND REST.

MISS L. E. THOMAS. Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Don't stay on the stormy sea, friend, Tho' wild is its treach rous breast, We are safe while many are
2. Don't wander so far, far away, friend, Tho' tempting scenes may allure; There are storms and snares in the
3. Don't stay in the vain, vain world, friend, Its heart is cheerless and cold, Come with us to our peace-ful

CHORUS.

lost, friend, Come in - to the har-bor and rest, O! there's qui-et and safe-ty, and rest, friend, And a
path, friend, Come in - to the pathway se - cure.
home, friend, And dwell in the Shepherd's fold.

glo - ry no mortal hath told, For we go to our Savior's home, friend, The beautiful ci-ty of gold.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

Arr. by J. F. K.
Duet or Solo.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. Come, come, O come to that land of peace, From shadows come a - way, Come where the tears of
2. Come, come, O come to the bright and blest, Gather'd from ev'ry land, Here, yes, O here thou shalt

CHORUS. *Lively.*

weep-ing cease, And storms no more have sway. Come, O come to Je - sus, Come, O come to Je - sus,
find thy rest, A - mid the shin-ing band.

Repeat chorus pp

He, our Sa-vior, bids us en - ter in, From the crystal riv - er, We shall drink for-ev-er, Come, O come to Je - sus.

REMEMBER ME.

Moderato. R. G. STAPLES.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee, In all my sor-rows, conflicts, woes, Oh
2. When with an aching, burden'd heart, I seek re - lief of Thee, Thy pardon grant, new peace impart, Oh
3. When tri-als sore obstruct my way, And ills I can - not flee, O let my strength be as my day, Oh
4. If for thy sake up - on my name, Reproach and shame shall be, I'll hail reproach and welcome shame, Oh
5. When worn with pain, disease and grief, This feeble body see, Grant patience, rest and kind re - lief, Oh

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp.

Lord re-mem-ber me. Re-mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, Oh Lord re - mem-ber me.

EVENING HYMN.

A. J. CRIDER. J. F. KINSEY.

Andante.

1. Father, of all this evening hour, Be near to own and bless thy child, And when the shades of night appear, Keep me in slumber gently mild.
2. And when the morning shall appear, Impart to me the Savior's love, Grant me Thy presence always near, Prepare me for my home above.
3. So when my days on earth are done, And when the shades of death draw near, Give to me Lord a nearer love, And take away my every fear.

OUR FRIEND AND SAVIOR.

VIOLET KING. (May be used as a Solo and Chorus.) J. F. KINSEY.

1. There is one, our, friend and Savior, He it is will guide our bark. Though the winds are
2. If we on - ly trust in Je - sus, Though the way be dark or bright, He will ne'er for-
3. When our voy - ag - ing is end-ed, And we land be-yond the tide, We'll be crowned by

CHORUS.

rude-ly blowing, And the way seems lone and dark. Oh my soul is fond-ly yearning, For a gleam
get or leave us, But will guide us in - to light.
Him in heav-en, Whom in faith, we now a - bide.

from that bright shore, When beyond the mys-tic riv - er We shall meet to part no more.

JESUS IS MINE.

R. G. STAPLES.

Espressivo.

1. Fade, fade each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well mor - tal - i - ty Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is this wil - der - ness,
ev - er stray, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing bright, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty. Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O lov'd and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel - come sweet scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sa - vior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

HE ALWAYS KEEPS PROMISE.

MARIA STRAUB. (An expression made by Dr. Beebe when on his death-bed.) S. W. STRAUB.

1. { Tho' earth-ly friends should fail, And earthly joys should pale,
The prom-i - ses of years, Should melt a - way (*omit.*) . . . in tears, There is a glorious

2. { The bud that holds the flow'r, May wither in an hour;
And hopes that spring to bloom, May find an ear- (*omit.*) . . . ly home; Yet joys that live su-

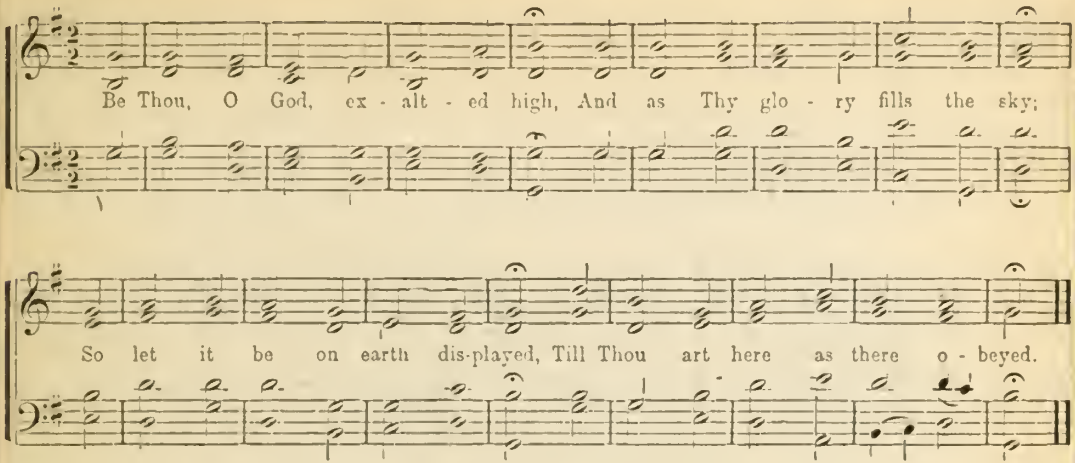
3. { The prom-ise bright and rare, To bring no for - tune fair,
May rich - es e'er de - lay, And lead us in (*omit.*) . . . . . dismay, Tho' earth and heav'n be

so - lace, He al-ways keeps His promise, Who guides us ev-'ry day, A - long the hid-den way.
per-nal, Shall wake to light e-ter-nal, His promis'd joys se - cure, His word shall e'er en-dure.
riv - en, Se-cure the promise giv-en, Who gar - ners for the Lord, Shall reap a bright re-ward.

CHORUS.

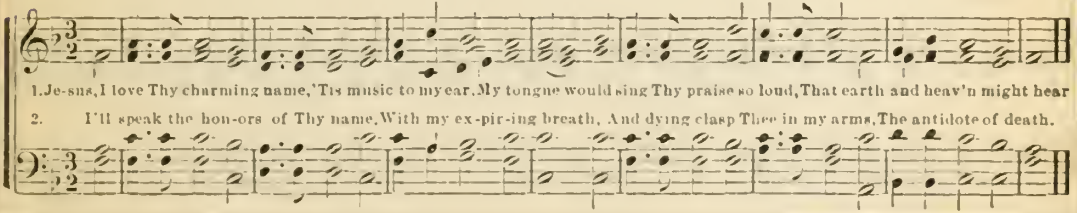
Oh, what a glorious solace, He always keeps His promise, He'll be our friend un-to the end, It is His precious promise.

OLD HUNDRED.



ARLINGTON.

DR. ARNE.



SING TO THE LORD. (Anthem.)

J. F. KINSEY.

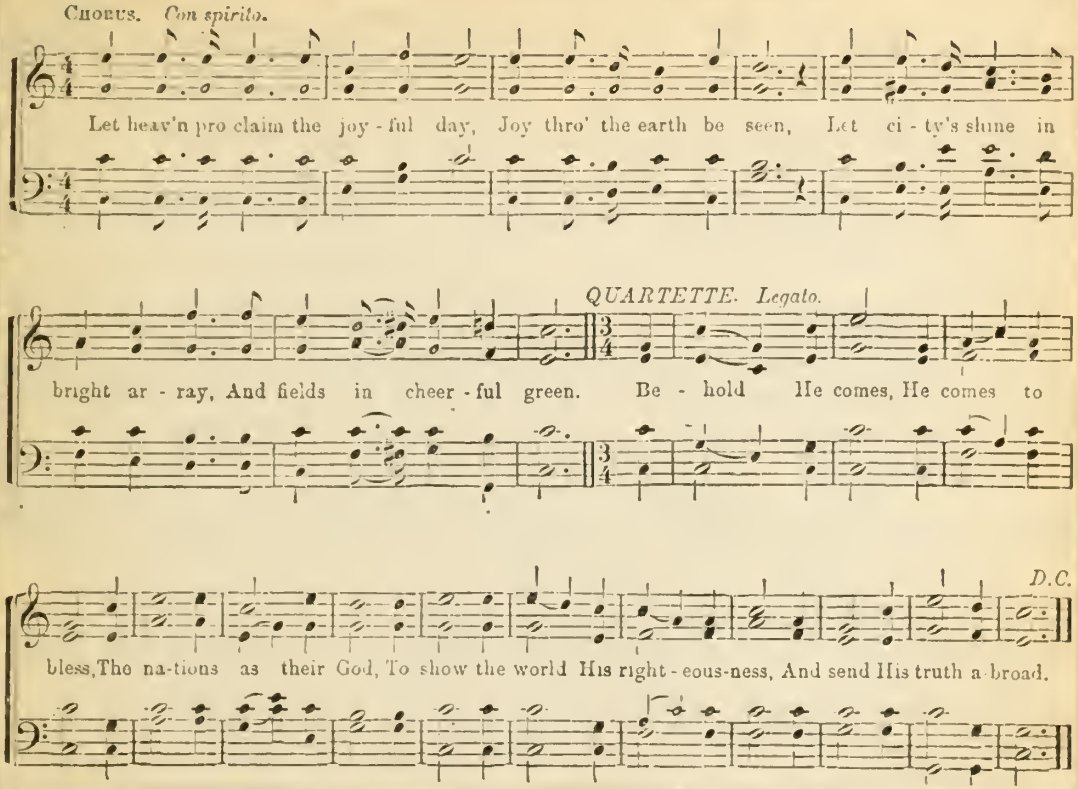
Allegretto.

Sing to the Lord,(Sing to the Lord.) Sing to the Lord,(Sing to the Lord.) Sing to the Lord,

Fine. SOLO, Tenor or Soprano.

(Sing to the Lord,) Sing to the Lord, and bless His name. Say to the na - tions,

Je-sus reigns, God's own almight-y Son, His pow'r the sinking world sustains, And grace surrounds the throne.


Chorus. Con spirito.
Let heav'n pro claim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen, Let ci - ty's shine in
QUARTETTE. Legato.
bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green. Be - hold He comes, He comes to
D.C.
bless, The na-tions as their God, To show the world His right - eous-ness, And send His truth a broad.

PRAISE YE THE LORD. (Concert Exercise.)

SCHOOL.—The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.

RECITATION. (Girls.)

1. Praise ye the Lord.
2. Praise Him in the firmament of His power.
3. Praise Him according to His excellent greatness
4. Praise Him with the psaltry and harp.
5. Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.
6. Praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals.

RESPONSE. (Boys.)

1. Praise God in His sanctuary.
2. Praise Him for His mighty arts.
3. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet.
4. Praise Him with the timbrel.
5. Praise Him upon the loud cymbals.

RECITATION. (School.) Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

SINGING, (Solo and Chorus.)

Girls. 1. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise Him upon the heights.

Girls. 2. Praise ye Him, sun and moon, praise Him all ye stars of light.

Girls. 3. Let them praise the name of the Lord, for He commanded and they were created.

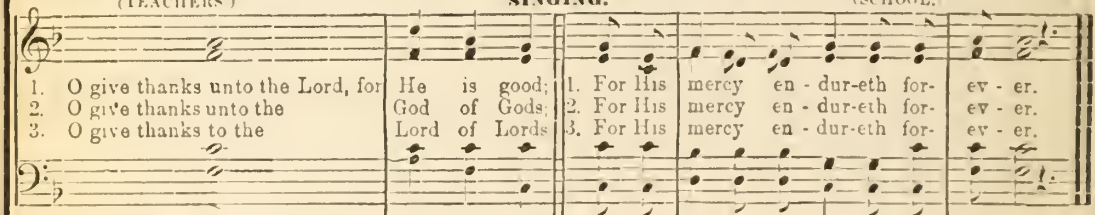
ENDLESS GLORY. (on opposite page.)

Boys. 1. Praise ye Him all His angels, praise Him all His hosts.

Boys. 2. Praise Him ye heavens of heavens, and ye nations that be above the heavens.

Boys. 3. For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people; He will beautify the meek with salvation.

SINGING.



ENDLESS GLORY.

SOLO, By the Girls. J. F. KINSEY.

1. Ear - ly dew and gen - tle rain, Flow'rs that deck the ver - dant plain;
2. Sun and moon whose lus - tre bright, Rules the day and cheers the night;
3. An - gels beck - 'ning to His will, Round His throne at - tend - ing still;

Joy - ous birds on pin - ions fair, Glid - ing thro' the balm - y air
Years and sea - sons as ye roll, Stars that shine from pole to pole.
All ye heav'n - ly hosts a - bove, Sing your great Cre - a - tor's love.

CHORUS. All the School.

Praise the Lord, our God and King, Let the earth His wonders sing; Let His mighty works proclaim, Endless glory to His name.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Lord a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to Thee; Thou art great and high and ho - ly, O how sol - emn should we be. Let our sins be all for - giv - en, Make us fear what-e'er is wrong. Lead us on our way to heav - en, There to sing a no - ble song.

2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je-sus, And of heav'n where he is gone: And let noth-ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.

CHORUS.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

J. C. M. J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

1. I am drinking to-day, I am drinking From the beautiful fountain of life, And sweet are my visions while
2. I am longing to-day, I am long-ing For that beautiful home of the blest, And round me sweet visions are
3. I am go-ing, I know I am go-ing Thro' the gates that are standing ajar, And my soul with sweet rapture is

thinking, Of that home free from sorrow and strife, I am standing to-day, I am standing On the
thronging, Of that land where the weary ones rest, I am nearing, I know I am nearing The
glow-ing, While I hear heavenly music a - far, O Je - sus, my precious Re-deem-er, Is such

banks of the beau-ti-ful stream, Where faith gets a glimpse of the landing, On that shore of which fondly I dream.
por-tals of endless de - light, Where are pleasures so rich and endearing, Be - yond the shad-ows of night.
bliss for a lost one like me, Shall I drink from love's fountain forever, When in rapture I gaze up-on thee.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

Arr. from the "Palm" by J. F. K.

Earnestly.

Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean; Thou hast no time, bright day;

Dear foun - tain of re - fresh - ment, To pil - grims far a - way;

Up - on the Rock of A - ges, They raise Thy ho - - ly tow'r;

Up - on the Rock of A - ges, They raise Thy ho - ly tow'r;

Thine, thine is the vic - tor's lau - - - rel, And thine the gold - en dow'r,

LADIES' VOICES.

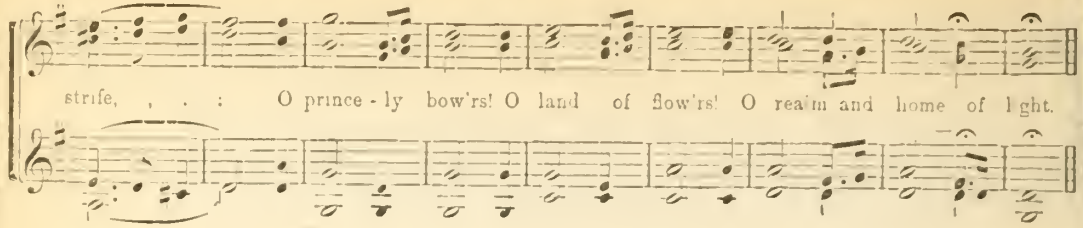
CHORUS.

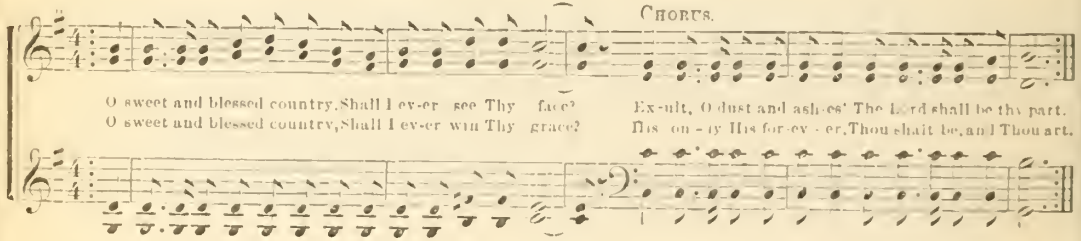
Brief life is here our portion. Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care. The life that knows no ending, the tearless life is there.

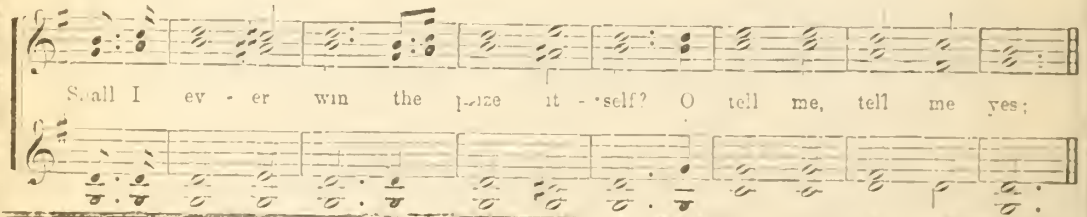
LADIES' VOICES, *very legato.*

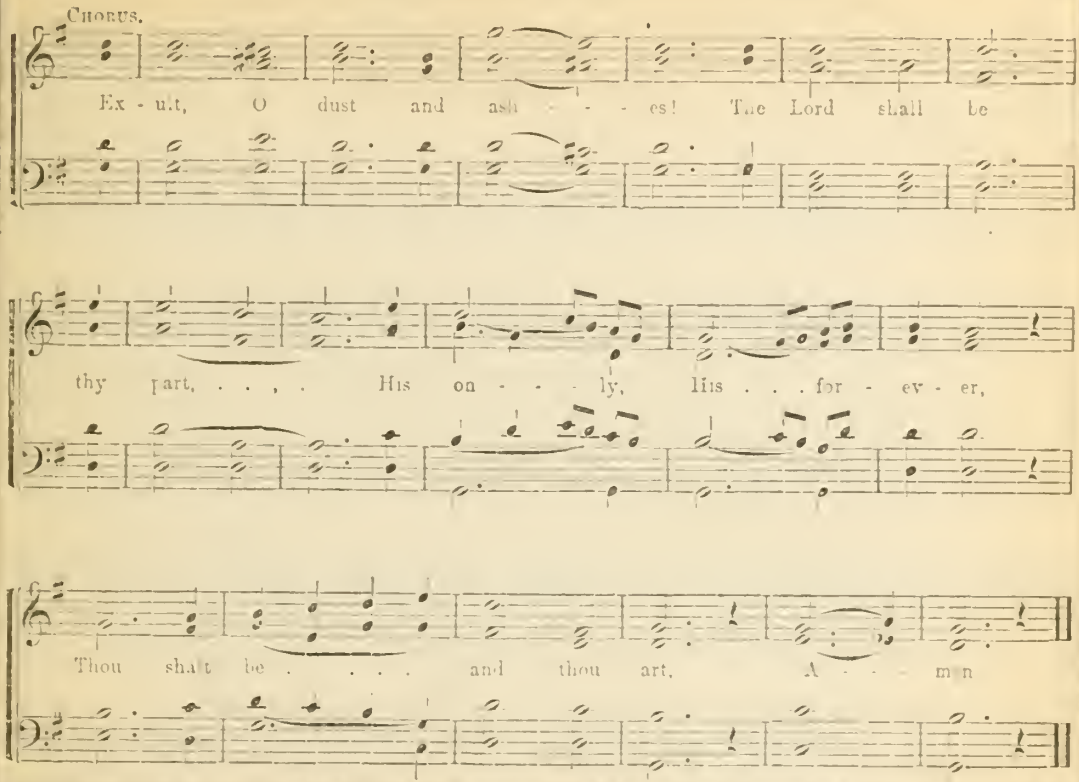
p

O fields that know no sor - - row, O state that fears no


strife, O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs! O realm and home of light.


CHORUS.
O sweet and blessed country, Shall I ever see Thy face?
O sweet and blessed country, Shall I ever win Thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes! The Lord shall be thy part.
His own by His foreverer, Thou shalt be, and Thou art.


LADIES' VOICES.
Shall I ever win the prize itself? O tell me, tell me yes;


Chorus.
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - - - es! The Lord shall be
thy part, ... His on - - - ly, His . . . for - ev - er,
Thou shalt be . . . . and thou art. A - - - men

THE NINETY AND NINE.

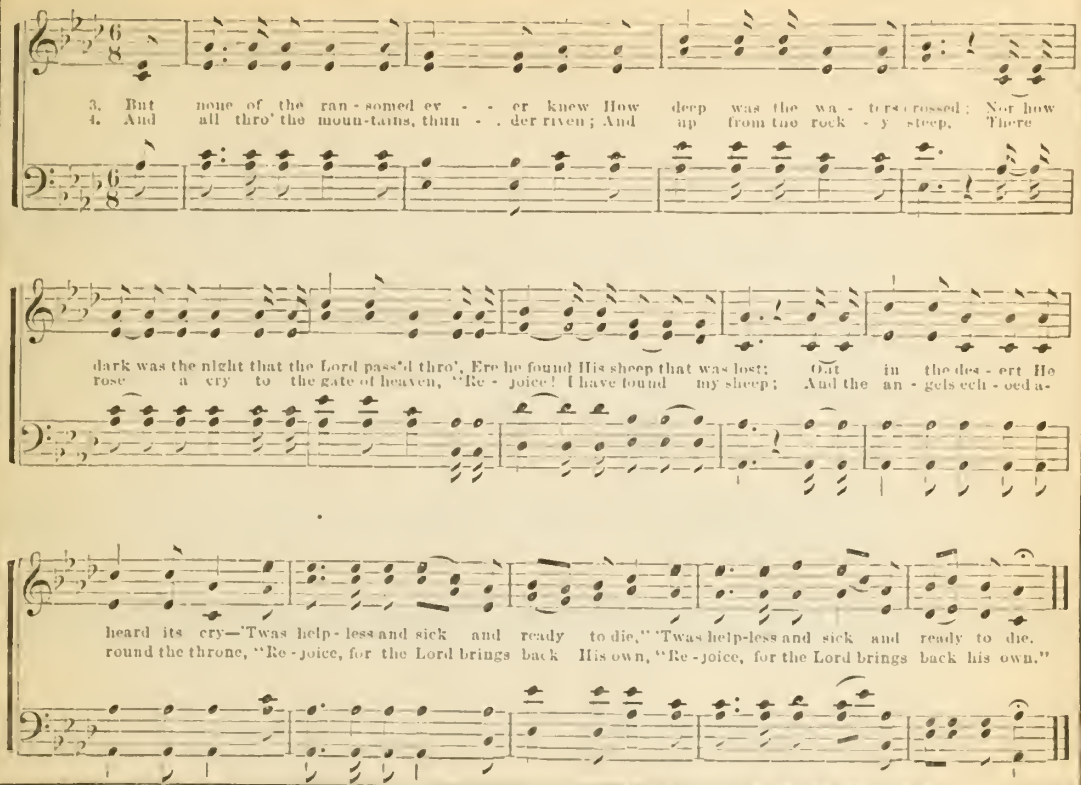
SOLO OR QUARTETT. ARRANGED BY GEORGE A. RUSSELL.

By Permission of D. S. Holmes.

Words by ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, Music by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold; But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, Away from the ten-der Shepherd's care.

2. "Lord . . Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are they not e - nough for Thee? But the Shepherd made an - swer, This of mine Has wandered away from me; And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.


3. But none of the ran - somed ev - - er knew How deep was the wa - ters crossed; Nor how
4. And all thro' the moun-tains, thun - der riven; And up from the rock - y steep, There
dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro', Ere he found His sheep that was lost; Out in the des - ert He
rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep; And the an - gels ech - oed a-
heard its cry—'Twas help - less and sick and ready to die," 'Twas help-less and sick and ready to die.
round the throne, "Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own, "Re - joice, for the Lord brings back his own."

WORK FOR JESUS.

ROSA H. THORPE. J. F. KINSEY.

Con Spirito.

1. Work, for the prom-is d bless - ing, Work, for the day will come, Fol - low the gleam of the
2. Pray, for the night is drea - ry, Pray, for the reign of right, Fol - low our Lord' tho' the
3. Fight, for the bat - tle wraught, Fight for the death of sin, And when we stand at the

bea - con light, Je - sus will lead us home. Work, for the day is dawn - ing,
way be dark, Je - sus will give us light.
pear - ly gate, Je - sus will let us in.

CHORUS.

Far on the eastern plain The promise came to the sons of men, Je - sus will come a - gain.

I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

J. R. DODGE.

Andante.

1. I want to be like Je - sus, So low - ly and so meek, For no one mark'd an
2. I want to be like Je - sus, So fre-quent - ly in prayer, A - lone up - on the
3. I want to be like Je - sus, En - gaged in do - ing good, So that of me it
4. A - las! I'm not like Je - sus, As an - y one may see, Oh, Sa - vior send thy

an - gry word, That ev - er heard him speak.
moun - tain top, He met His Fa - ther there.
may be said, He hath done what he could.
spir - it now, And make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus,
whol - ly Thine, I'll be, Dear Sa-vior send Thy spir - it. And make me more like Thee.

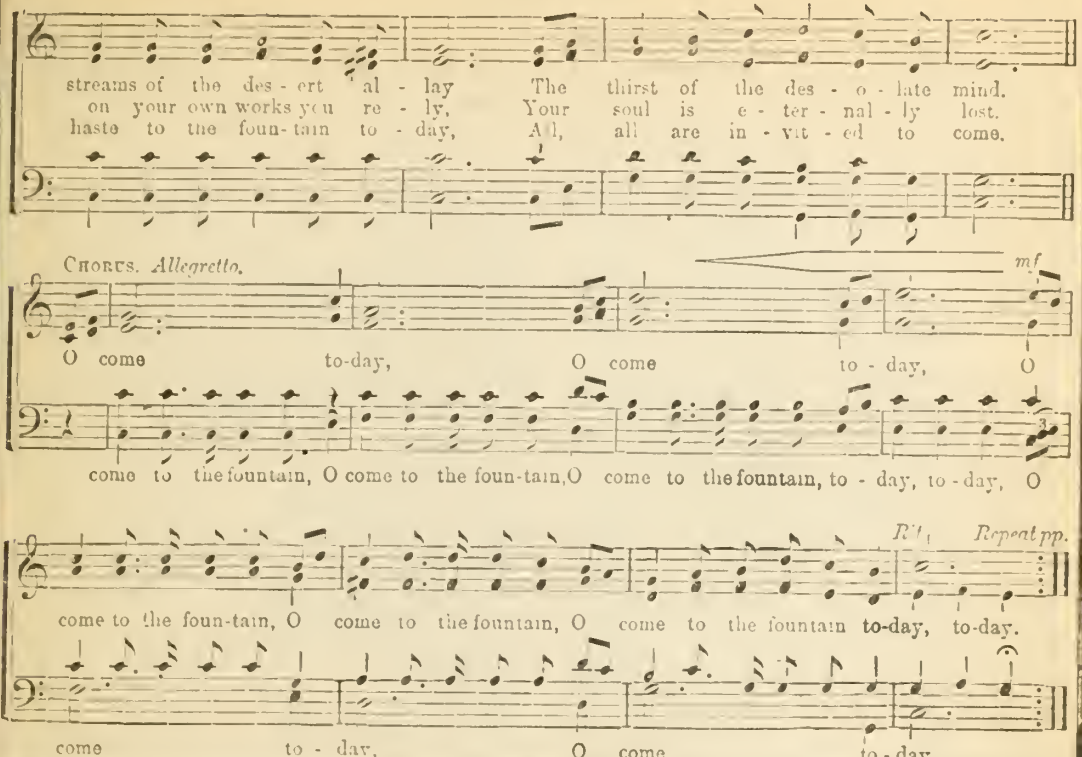
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Moderato. GEO. B. CHASE.

1. O come to the fountain of life, Ye thirs-ty, ye wretch-ed and poor, Re-
2. O come to the fountain of life, Ye thirs-ty, ye wretch-ed and poor, And
3. O come to the fountain of life, Ye thirs-ty, ye wretch-ed and poor, Its

lin-guish your la-bor and strife, Sal-va-tion ye here may se-cure, While
soon will your spir-it re-vive, To la-bor and lan-guish no more, Yea
wa-ters with-in you will thrive, Their vir-tue of heal-ing is sure, Why

wan-d'ring still far-ther a-stray, No com-fort nor peace can ye find, No
come with-out mon-ey and buy, No right-eous-ness have ye to boast, If
think of a mo-ment's de-lay, Why lin-ger in sor-row and gloom, O


streams of the des - ert al - lay The thirst of the des - o - late mind.
on your own works you re - ly, Your soul is e - ter - nal - ly lost.
haste to the foun- tain to - day, All, all are in - vit - ed to come.
Chorus. Allegretto.
mf
O come to-day, O come to - day, O
come to the fountain, O come to the foun-tain, O come to the fountain, to - day, to - day, O
Rit. Repeat pp.
come to the foun-tain, O come to the fountain, O come to the fountain to-day, to-day.
come to - day, O come to - day.

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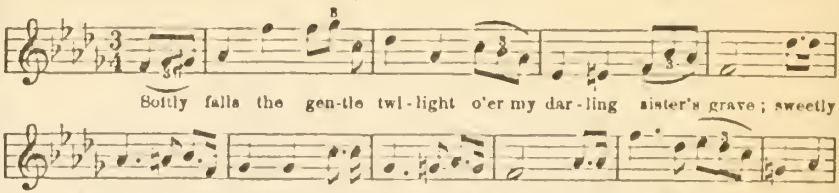
MEET ME SISTER WITH A CROWN.

By G. W. DAWSON.



The above is a very fine sacred subject to which the melody has been nicely adapted. No one playing the Piano or Organ should be without this elegant song. In order to please old and young, I have issued two editions of the song; one copy for advanced players in key of D flat, and the other copy for young beginners in key of C, so easily arranged that any child will be able to play and sing it. The price of both copies will be the same. With fine picture title.

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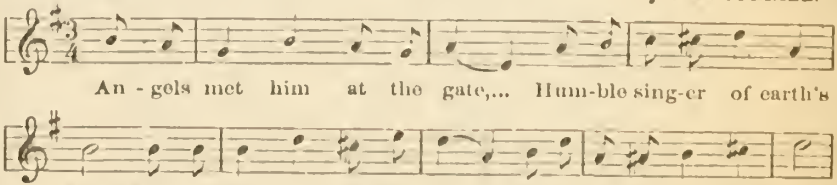
ANGELS MET HIM AT THE GATE.

By C. M. CURRIER.



This elegant song was written in tribute to the memory of P. P. Bliss, the *Evangelist*, who was killed at the Ashtabula Railroad Disaster. It had been issued only seven days when over 3,300 copies were sold. The title-page contains a correct photograph of P. P. Bliss, (cabinet size), which is alone worth the price of the song. There certainly should be no home or piano without a copy, as it is both pretty and instructive.

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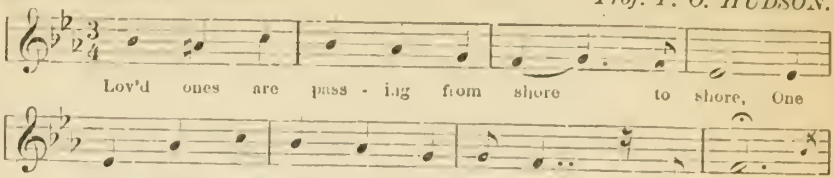
GONE ON BEFORE O'ER THE RIVER OF TIME.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Prof. P. O. HUDSON.*



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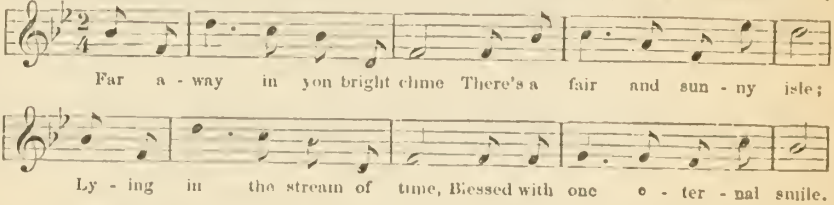
FAR AWAY IN YON BRIGHT CLIME.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH. *Music by R. S. CRANDALL.*



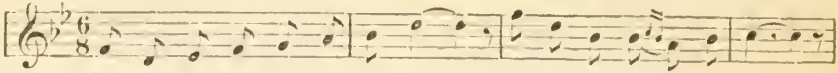
Softest breezes come and go,
Down across its shores the best;
Sweetest flowers bud and blow,
There upon that Isle of rest.

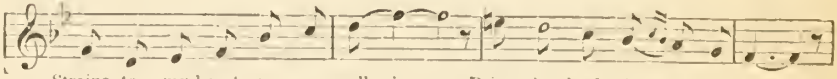
Chorus—Far away in yon bright clime,
With the fairest and the best;
Drifting down the stream of time,
We will journey to sweet rest.

This song and chorus is deservedly successful. The melody is perfectly beautiful and yet very simple, and will surely find many admirers. Price, 30 cents.

MUSIC, SWEET MUSIC.

Words by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE. *Music by H. P. DANKS.*

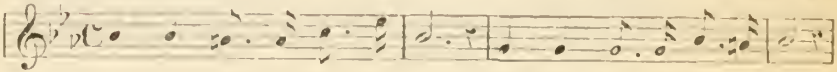


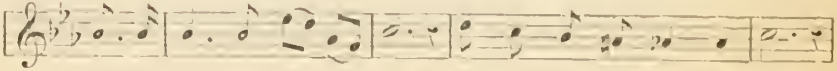


This song and chorus is by the well known composer of some of the most popular songs in America. Its success is not to be wondered at, for, both as regards words and music, it cannot be excelled. It should be found in the possession of every lover of music. There should be no heart beating whose soul could not be stirred by the sweet strains of beautiful melody. Buy a copy and be happy—you'll never regret it as long as you live. Price, 30 cents per copy.

GONE, BUT REMEMBERED.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *WILL H. PONTIUS.*

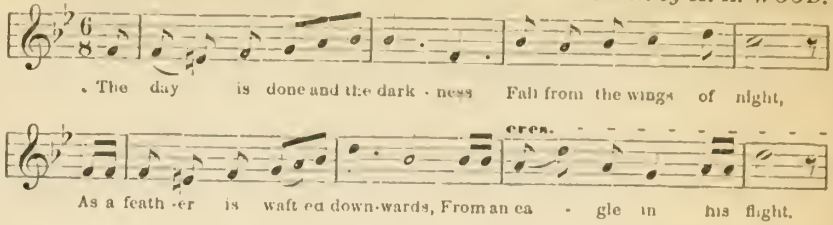




A most touchingly beautiful song and chorus. Written in memory of the late lamented P. P. Bliss, who was killed at the Ashtabula railroad disaster. Contains a cabinet size photograph of P. P. Bliss. It cannot fail to please. Price, 50 cents per copy.

THE DAY IS DONE.

Words by LONGFELLOW. *Music by A. L. WOOD.*



The melody in the above ballad is perfectly beautiful. The words no doubt are known to all.

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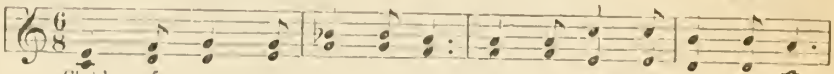
Child of Sorrow; or, Jesus of Nazareth is Passing By.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *H. .T MERRIL.*



Dost thou know that help is nigh?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"
"Jesus.of Nazareth passeth by."

CHORUS.
Passeth by, He's passing by.
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;"
"Turn, oh turn, why will ye die?"
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

The above is as pretty a socred subject in the shape of a song and chorus as has ever been presented to lovers of this class of music. The melody is charming and words are well adapted. No home or Sunday-school should be without it. Children can readily sing the chorus as it is epecially arranged easy for that purpose. Don't fail to buy a copy; tell your neighbor of it. With an elegant title-page.

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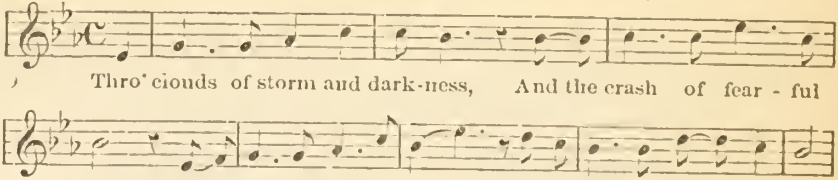
HE HOLDS THE FORT OF HEAVEN.

By CHARLIE BAKER.



The above beautiful song and chorus was written in tribute to the memory of P. P. Bliss, *the Evangelist*, who was killed in the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O. It is a very fine sacred subject to which the melody has been nicely adapted. No one playing on the Piano or Organ should be without a copy. No doubt in the course of time *Millions* will sing it, as it bids fair to become one of the most popular songs published in America. With elegant lithograph of P. P. Bliss, on title page. Address all orders to

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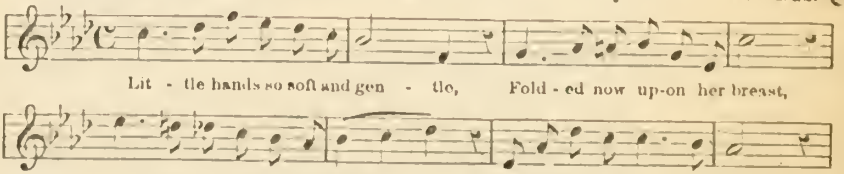
ANGELS HOVER O'ER OUR DARLING.

By GEORGE HASTINGS.



The above song has been sung by well known vocalists with great success. And it bids fair to become a very popular song indeed. It is not very difficult. The music is very sweet and plaintive, in perfect keeping with the words. It certainly ought to be found upon ever piano forte in the land.

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